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A TOUCHING SCENE.

A few days since, MRS. MAYNARD, of Natick, Mass., stood by the bed-side of a fair young boy of some sixteen years, sick in the Patent Office Hospital, Washington, D. C. He raised his dying eyes, looked at her intently, and then whispered with a pathos impossible to be described—"Is that my mother?" His touching look and tone melted all who stood around the couch to tears. Miss MARY A. DENISON, who was present at the time, wrote the following tender verses on the incident:

IS THAT MY MOTHER?

Is that my mother bending low
With her cool hand upon my brow?
And those my mother's pitying eyes?
I dreamed of her but now;
Sweet mother! it is indeed but joy
To have you bless your dying boy!

The red rays of the setting sun
Were streaming through the hall,
And creeping with a fading light
Along the silent wall,
Where many a brave heart throbbed in pain,
And pined for home and friends again.

One soldier boy, a fair young lad,
The pet of some dear home,
Smiled, as a gentle face bent low,
And asked "Has mother come?"
Like balm, the hope, like heaven, the thought
God-sent, a moment's bliss it brought.

She pressed the clinging locks away
From his young brow and fair,
But the faltering voice had touched her heart
Too tenderly to bear—
Her quivering lips could scarcely tell
She was not her he loved so well.

Ah! brave young boy, thy precious dust
Enshrined in memory
We'll keep forever—a holy trust,
Thou child of liberty!
Though thy death-brow in a far off land
May ne'er be pressed by a mother's hand.

Oh! women, in your cheerless homes—
Oh! women wan with woe,
There's many a motherly footfall heard
Where your kind steps would go;
And many a soldier boy has died
Thinking his mother by his side.

THE PUGILISTS AND THE FIREMAN;

OR,

NEW YORK AS IT WAS.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE AMONG THE FANCY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JAS. C. POPE.

CHAPTER XI.

DICK FOXWELL'S PLOT TO ENTRAP MRS. OLIPHANT—COUNTER PLOTS—THE HANDKERCHIEF—THE "GHOUL," AND THE INITIALS "S. O."—DICK AND HIS SUPPOSED VICTIM—THE LETTER AND REPLY—THE GAME WORKS WELL—THE GHOUL CORNERED—MURDER OF MR. OLIPHANT—DICK ESCAPES—THE STEAMSHIP JAMESTOWN—DICK IN DISGUISE—OFF TO RICHMOND—THE CROSS-MAN AROUND.

Some few weeks rolled by, and Sullivan, visited every day by his friends, was still an inmate of the hospital. Madame Cabet was held for trial, and Bob Clifford was exerting his secret influence in her favor. Ben Wrigley and Lilly Salome were busy, working out a plot against Clifford and his gang, while Dick Foxwell was attending to Mrs. Oliphant, assisted by Madame Crisp. Let us see how Dick succeeded.

Paying his devoirs one morning to Madame Crisp, he beseeched her assistance to entrap Mrs. Oliphant, saying that Clifford and himself would reward her handsomely for any part she would undertake in developing their plot to a successful issue.

Consenting to use her power, Dick left her, assured that she would report proceedings in a few days. Leaving her address, up town, Madame called upon Mrs. Oliphant, and after a lengthened interview, took her departure, highly elated at her success.

When the "Ghoul" made his second visit to Crisp, she informed him that everything worked to a charm, and Mrs. Oliphant was to visit her house that evening under the impression that an old lover would be in waiting for her. Dick was delighted, insomuch that he handed Madame an X spot, as a guarantee of his earnestness in doing the square thing.

"You must post yourself near the house," remarked Crisp, "and when she leaves the house, address her, that she may recognize you when the black-mailing commences."

Dick needed no instructions in his art, and merely said in reply:—"I'm much obliged to you, Crisp, and you shall have every reward compatible with the services rendered. What hour did she promise to call?"

"At nine precisely—without fail."

"Very well, I shall be looking for her," and waving an adieu, Dick sallied forth to the street, whistling "I'd be a butterfly, etc." A few minutes previous to the appointed hour, Dick stationed himself at the opposite side of the street, and as the fire-bells announced the hour, a woman was seen to approach the house of Madame Crisp with a cautious tread, every now and then looking around her, as if apprehensive of being observed. Ascending the high steps leading to the door, she rang the bell, and as she entered the house, Dick espied a handkerchief on one of the steps, dropped by the lady. Running across the street, he quickly snapped it up, and re-crossed to his former standing place. By the light of a gas-lamp, he deciphered the initial letters "S. O." worked in one corner, in human hair.

"So," said Dick, with satisfaction, "this is the talisman to my success. S. O.—what the devil does S mean—Sarah or Sophia? That's what I'd like to know, so that I can address her in her full name. Let me see," and he commenced to ruminate on her Christian name. "Head or tail," he continued, and tossing a penny a few feet into the air, he caught it and turned it over into the palm of the other hand. "Head it is. I must address her as Mrs. Sophia Oliphant." He hit the nail right.

Dick waited for about one half hour, when Mrs. Oliphant emerged from the Crisp mansion, and turned her course for Canal street, Dick keeping pace with her on the opposite side of the street. When she reached the centre of the next block in a dark neighborhood, the "Ghoul" gained a short distance ahead, and crossing at a rapid rate, he walked in the direction of the woman, to meet her face to face.

She was deeply veiled, and it was impossible for human eyes to detect one vestige of her countenance. As they approached each other, Dick planted himself directly in her path, and addressing her, said:—"I wish you an excess of the joys of Venus, Mrs. Sophia Oliphant, with your old lover, at Madame Crisp's, but what would your husband say if I acquainted him with the facts. I suppose you are not prepared to stave me off with much money, but to-morrow or next day will do as well. Good evening, Mrs. Sophia Oliphant."

The woman stood as if spell-bound, apparently unable to move, and as the vampire passed out of sight, she retreated her steps slowly, as if deliberating how to act.

Next morning, a few hours after breakfast, Mrs. Oliphant was sitting in her parlor, reading over the current news of the day, when a domestic brought in a letter addressed to her, in her full name. Breaking open the seal, it read as follows:—

"Mrs. SOPHIA OLIPHANT—*Dear Madame:* You will bring to memory the very important fact that you were detected in a visit to the ill-fame house of Madame Crisp, for the purpose of there meeting, clandestinely, a former admirer. The writer possesses every evidence of the fact, and holds a pocket handkerchief, containing your initials in hair needlework, which was picked up on the door steps, after you entered that house of your husband's disgrace. Therefore, it becomes your duty as a sensible woman, as I take it to be, to arrange an interview with me, for the purpose of favoring me in a manner I need not mention herein. Do not forget to bring $300, as an instalment of the price to be paid for my secrecy. Address, without delay,

"MARKUS MARKHIM, City Post Office."

Mrs. Oliphant was a woman of indomitable will and courage, and prepared to answer the curious communication with the greatest complacency imaginable.

"The most impudent fellow I ever heard of," was all she remarked, as she commenced to indite a reply. "I'll cool him down or I ain't Sophia Oliphant, that's plain."

As she concluded the responding missive, she threw down the pen, and read it over, to be satisfied that it was worded correctly, as she was, like most Yankee girls, very punctilious in the matter of "readin' an' writin'."

"MY DEAR MR. MARCUS MARKHIM:—Your very polite and gentlemanly note was placed into my hands this morning, and I furnish you with such reply as is most consistent with my feelings and the circumstances under which you entreat me to accede to both of your requests. Preserve my secret, and do with me as you wish. Please call at my residence at three o'clock P. M. to-morrow; my husband will be out of town, and we can arrange affairs between us, personally, better and more concisely than by note. (Signed) S. O."

"I guess" (a Yankee invariably guesses) "that document will coax a visit from him, and if it fails, I must try some other method." Ringing a bell for the chambermaid, she directed the servant to deliver the letter to "John," and for him to mail it immediately.

When Dick received the note addressed to him by Mrs. O., he was in ecstacies of passionate delight, and straightway pronounced her a trump, and a bird worth catching; but when he reflected upon the conditions of visiting the lady, at her residence, his mind grew uneasy, as the prospects of a counter-plot seemed to lay at the bottom of her request.

Consulting with Madame Crisp, that individual strongly recommended the proposition of the lady, alleging as a base for her urging the visit, that the "poor lady would feel more at ease at her residence than in strange places, and come to proper terms with him the more easily."

"That's to my thinking, also," replied the "Ghoul," and giving Madame an extra five dollars, he departed.

At the hour of three, as appointed, Dick announced himself as a visitor at the residence of Mrs. Oliphant, who was awaiting his expected presence in the reception room.

Introducing himself, *sans ceremonie*, Mrs. O. arose from her seat, and complimented him with a sweet smile and a graceful courtesy. Seating himself beside the lady, he commenced business at once by placing his arm around her full waist.

"One of my conditions to secrecy," said Dick, "is that I shall enjoy perfect freedom and action with you. Money is but a secondary consideration, being that you are such a voluptuous looking lady, though I must exact a certain amount of the needful every week, for I must receive payment as a pecuniary means of support."

"Then, your daily avocation is to spy females, as you spied me, so unfortunately, when I visited Madame Crisp's residence?"

"That is my profession," replied Dick, adding with an emphatic strain, "profession—a noble one I think, and if not noble, it is a luxurious one, when I am reimbursed for the dangers I incur by such a loving creature as you."

Mrs. Oliphant was smiling with an admirable affectation, and Dick imagined the lady was carried away in admiration of his good looks.

"Do you have many such victims as I am?" she enquired, allowing Dick liberties with her covered bosom.

"Sundry ones," he answered, attempting to kiss her, "but not so hard or difficult to manage," and Dick would have done something "outrageous" did he not behold a tall figure standing near him. It was Oliver Dalton.

He was confused and utterly disconcerted. Viewing the man standing silently before him, the vampire trembled with fear, and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. Turning to behold a passage for escape, he was confronted on the opposite side by Mr. Oliphant, and shaking with increased fear and cowardice, he remained motionless, a forlorn picture of miserable humanity, with Mrs. O.'s merry laugh ringing in his ears like a death knell.

"Infamous man!" exclaimed Dalton, gazing sharply at the baffled "ghoul." "What have you to say in your defence?"

Thinking that by assuming a bold front he could turn Mrs. O.'s laugh to the other side of her mouth, he ventured a remark, by the way of a reply to Mr. Dalton.

"Justice to that gentleman," pointing to Mr. Oliphant, "occasioned my visit here," and glaring fiercely at his supposed victim, he entered into a narrative, criminating Mrs. Oliphant in the eyes of her husband and brother, concluding with a dish of extra events that existed only in Dick's imagination. Holding up the lost handkerchief, with more brass than prudence, he enquired of Oliphant if he recognised the article.

Mr. Oliphant said he did.

"Your wife lost that the same night she visited Madame Crisp's, and I found it on the steps of that establishment as your wife disappeared through the door."

"That was in our programme," quietly rejoined Dalton, "and you are sold. Mrs. Oliphant was never at Crisp's house, as that woman personated Mrs. O., and led you to believe otherwise. Madame Crisp is Bob Clifford's sworn enemy, and as you are his friend, so are you subject to her wrath. You have made a mess of this job, Dick Foxwell—I know you, and now you must go to prison. Officer!"

An officer, that was detailed for the purpose of arresting Dick, appeared from a closet, but before he could lay hands upon the culprit, he dashed for the main door. Mr. Oliphant, being nearest to him, attempted to frustrate his design of escape, and for his pains received a stab in the region of the heart, that terminated his earthly career before medical aid could be summoned. He died, remembered and regretted by loving friends, and mourned by the poor and needy of our great city's community.

We will not dwell upon the sorrowing scene that followed this act, simply indicating in a few words, that the murderer escaped from the house, pursued by the policeman.

Making his way to a safe retreat, Dick fell in with Clifford, and acquainting him with what had happened, Bob advised absence from the city; and preparing a suitable disguise, he remained under cover until the sailing of the steamship Jamestown, bound for Richmond, Va. This ship was then new, and about three weeks on the line. At the time of the breaking out of the existing rebellion, the Jamestown, commanded by Captain Skinner, of Norfolk, we believe, was seized by the Virginians at Rocketts, an outskirting ward of Richmond proper. Subsequently she was converted into an iron-clad, and played the part of an auxiliary to the famous Merrimac, during the memorable attack upon the Federal vessels of war at anchor in Hampton Roads, off Newport News. The Jamestown at present forms one of the sunken obstructions in the James River, below Fort Darling.

Dick's disguise enabled him to board the vessel without detection, in spite of the vigilance of the detectives, who were laying around steamboat landings in general, watching for the fugitive. There was one man, however, whose eyes no disguise of Dick's could blind. It was Ben Wrigley.

As the Jamestown swung around into the stream, little did Dick imagine that an avenger of Mr. Oliphant's murder would, by rail, reach Richmond before him, and as the noble steamer ploughed the seas, her head veering southwest after she cleared Sandy Hook, Foxwell bade good-bye to the gay metropolis forever. But was he secure against the law and justice that his crime invoked? "Ah! there's the rub," quoted Dick, and he retired to his state-room, goaded with a consciousness of the enormity of his act, experiencing pangs of remorse, equalled in torture only by death.

CHAPTER XII.

SALOME AND WRIGLEY—CLIFFORD PUTTING UP ANOTHER JOB—THE VAULT—BOB PERPLEXED—MARK BLAKE'S STRANGE STORY—MORETON AND KERNAN, HALF-BROTHERS—REFUSING TO BE MADE AN "HONEST WOMAN"—A GOOD WORD FOR WRIGLEY—THE BIRTH-MARK—"JUST ONCE MORE."

As soon as the lynx-eyed crossman discovered the fugitive, Dick, boarding the steamer, he was perplexed as to the cause of Foxwell's flight, and aware that he associated with Clifford in many acts of atrocious villainy, he sped up West street at a rapid gate, and turned into a side thoroughfare leading to Broadway. Taking a stage, he soon arrived at Bleecker street, and visiting Salome, communicated to her the fact of the "ghoul's" flight. The news of Mr. Oliphant's murder had not yet been heralded to the public, therefore Salome and Dick were ignorant of the matter, and puzzled at the state of affairs.

"You must see Clifford," remarked Lilly, "and find out if he knows anything about Dick." Bob was a man that would not tolerate impertinent queries, and Ben was shy to accede to Lilly's demand. "You must see him," added Lilly, observing a shade of doubt stealing over Wrigley's countenance. "See him to-night, and return with an answer."

Not daring to hesitate in his willingness to obey her injunctions, Ben left her presence to seek Clifford. We may remark here, *en passant*, that Blake had gleaned the full particulars of Salome's experience in the "Silver Chamber" from Ben, who received permission to serve her, as she would dictate, in order to wreak her schemes of vengeance upon Bob, and being thus licensed to associate with Lilly, it did not employ many of her blandishments to render Wrigley a slave to her beauty and will.

About dark, Wrigley traced Bob to the old den in Anthony street, where he was seated alone, with a bottle of brandy before him.

"Ben," said Clifford, motioning the crossman to assist himself to some brandy, "you are just the man I was praying for. There's hell to pay, and the brigade is done for." Here Bob related the Oliphant murder, with the part Madame Crisp had taken in it.

"I be's sorry for you, Bob," said Ben, sympathetically, "an' sorry for 'Ansome Dick, as the morts used to call 'im; but I'se feared as 'ow the stops will take the go-aways, an' 'ead 'im off at Richmond."

"No danger," replied Clifford, "his disguise was too well made up for detection."

"I dunno, Bob, but I knew Dick as he went aboard the 'Ark.'"

"You!" vociferated Bob, with an air of alarm.

"Yes, I," reiterated Ben. "Yer see, Bob, I was down to the break-ups, on a push, an' buzzed about a glass afore I touched a flat's thimble an' slang, an' seein' as 'ow the cops an' stops were layin' around, I knew somethin' was up, an' layed low."

"And do you think the officers discovered him," anxiously enquired Bob, as he punished a glass of the liquid before him.

"I dunno, Bob, for as I seed some on 'em goin' aboard arter he, I cut my lucky, an' here I be's."

"He will escape them," muttered Bob, as he began to reflect. "Ben!" he ejaculated suddenly, starting the crossman, who had also fallen into a "thinking way," "but two more jobs for us, and we split."

"I thought there was but one. We'd better end our cross ways with the bank robbery that we've got on hand."

"Let that be the last. Ben!"

"Hey."

"Help yourself to another glass;" but Ben cared little for drink just then, and declined. "Ben," again repeated Clifford, his eyes glaring bright with passion, "Madame Crisp must be stifled."

"Well, stifle her," added Ben, throwing one leg over the other at ease in his chair.

"You must assist me. When did you see her last?"

"The other night, down to Kate Freeley's stepping-ken, in Water street, on the pick-up for a new supply of bene-morts."

"Are you sweet with her?"

"Some."

"Then coax her to this place."

"How am I to do it, Bob?"

"Let this assist your cunning to devise measures to trap her," and Clifford placed a few silver half dollars in Ben's palm, "Invent some yarn or another—do anything, and if possible, have her here to-night."

"I'll try. What's her doom, Bob?"

Clifford pointed at the vault trap. "There; to die by hungry rats, as did Bill Kernan and others." Pouring out another draught of the brandy, he continued, "Ben, open the trap; we'll pay the remains of Kernan a parting visit."

Taking a light, the two men descended into the vault, to gaze upon what Bob supposed was left of the gallant little pugilist, but no remains were visible. Rats, dead and mangled, and in the ending stage of animal putrefaction, were thickly strewed around, in numbers sufficient to demonstrate how bravely the pug encountered the voracious animals in the Egyptian darkness of that gloomy vault.

"Some foul work been goin' on here, it appears," essayed Ben, with more meaning to his words than Bob could guess at.

"The infernal rats could not have swallowed him, bones and all," remarked Bob, "and Bill must have had some means of escape. Yet it could not be, as I heard him shrieking for help as the rats were gnawing at his flesh. Wonder if he did escape?"

Examining the different quarters of the vault, no signs of an outlet were manifest, whereby Kernan could have escaped, and marvelling over the mystery, they withdrew to separate for a few hours, one to report to Lilly Salome, the other to seek Andy Black, who was discharged from the custody of the fireman. Andy was a skillful burglar, as well as a "knuck," and to secure a small fortune between them, as a wind-up together, Bob, Ben, and Andy conceived a grand burglary on a bank.

During Wrigley's absence from Bleecker street, Mark Blake called upon Lilly for the purpose of informing her of the tragic affair that we have introduced.

"Do you know, Lilly," he said, "that a relationship exists between Jack Moreton and William Kernan?"

Of course she was not aware of such being the case.

"Yes, they are as near as men can be to each other, almost, for they are half-brothers. Neither of them have been informed of the discovery, simply because Kernan has been missing since the fight, and the friends of both deem it out of place to reveal the matter to Moreton alone, as the information would not prove a source of gratification, when his brother is among the missing. Foul play, we fear, has been resorted to by his backers, who, we know, have been leagued with Bob Clifford."

Lilly was astonished at Mark's revelation, and true to her womanly instincts, "asked for more." Blake was of a very accommodating nature, especially with ladies, and possessing a few hours of leisure, he related the following story:—

"About twenty-seven years ago, a gentleman of great wealth, residing at Cambridge, Mass., met with a lady of dazzling beauty, whom he wedded, after a due course of happy companionship, and at the end of one year she became a mother, giving birth to a boy, who was called Fernando, at the request of the mother, who entertained a germ of love for an old and ardent Spanish admirer, of the Island of Cuba. The boy, as he grew to those tender years when fond parents delight to hear the primitive lispings of infantile speech, became the pet and darling of his father, while the young mother bestowed it little or no maternal care, a very unnatural thing for a woman, marrying for love, as did this woman I speak of. You are pale, Lilly."

"The atmosphere is oppressive," she answered, going to an open window, as if to inhale the fresh air. "Please go on, Mark."

"Well, one day, business of some private nature called away the father from his home for a few weeks—and, to be brief, I will merely state, that when he returned, it was but to discover that his wife—the ungrateful mother of his boy-baby—had fled from his roof, taking with her all her jewels, the boy included, which is the brightest emblem of earthly gems that a woman can possess legitimately. Leaving no word behind her, it was but for the frantic father to conjecture what destination she had set out for herself; so, packing up his portmanteau, after closing his mansion, he started for New York, in pursuit of her—not to reclaim the erring woman, but to tear from the bosom of the adultress his idol son. You will presume that her Spanish lover seduced the lady from her husband's home. Not meeting with the fugitives in New York, he took passage for Cuba in the first packet, and on his arrival in Havana he received information of the elopers at the custom-house, the lady being described to him as dressed in an azure blue silk dress. They had gone on to Matanzas but a few days previous to his reaching Havana, and thither he followed them. For weeks and months he endeavored to find them out—not to wreak his vengeance on the heads of the disgraceful pair, but to procure the child, and return home, to rear it in ignorance of its mother's infamy. His pursuit of the guilty ones was useless, and if they were secreted in Matanzas, their skill in remaining undiscovered in their place of concealment was infallible. Weary and disgusted with his fruitless search, the wretched father and wronged husband returned to Havana, deploring the circumstances that robbed him of all earthly happiness. Visiting the United States Consul, at his office, an Eastern gentleman with whom he classed at the Cambridge University, he depicted to that official the story of his wrongs. Assuming a lively interest in his old college friend, the consul took it upon himself to place the injured man on a footing with the purloiner of his 'good name.'

"Don Fernandos de Gonzales, the 'gay deceiver,' was known to the American official as a married gentleman, and the parent of a female child about two years old. Being neglected, the wife of Don Fernandos could be easily worked upon as a means of retaliating upon him in the same manner that the Spaniard invoked disgrace upon the American.

"Introducing the 'unhappy couple,' it was soon arranged that the lady should accompany the American gentleman to New York, taking with them the child of the deceitful father; and, as a fair exchange was no robbery, the gentleman did not sleep in his hotel that night, neither did the lady sleep alone, and the next morning found them aboard a ship bound for New York, bidding adieu, as they passed Moro Castle, to the sunny shores of the gem of the Antilles, never more to return.

"Residing together for the space of twelve months, in perfect harmony, a son was born to the unmarried couple, and the little prattling Isabella, now three years old, possessed a half-brother. Nothing was ever heard of the runaway wife or her paramour, until, one day, a few months subsequent to the birth of the second boy, Isabella was missing, and with her, the infant, the nursery-maid being found in the nursery, cruelly murdered. I will not tire you, Lilly, with a description of the scenes that followed, suffice it to state that, to the parents, this was evidently the diabolical work of Don Fernandos, or some one in his employ. An investigation proved the cause of the deed. Being deceived by his Yankee beauty, who fled Cuba with a French gentleman of wealth and pleasure, to Paris, via New York, a double feeling of remorse and jealousy prompted the sensual Spaniard to the act, by proxy, and after securing the two children, he confided the care of them to a noted female of this city, who was at that period the most famous courtezan of the day, until he should return from Paris, whither he was going in pursuit of the Frenchman and the truant wife, who, before sailing for France, left her son in charge of a benevolent Irishman, in this city. What became of the Spaniard, and the other two, is, to this day, a mystery."

"Then," interposed Salome, I am related—"

"To Moreton and Kernan, who are both the sons of Oliver Dalton. Moreton is your half brother, who is no longer John Moreton, but Richard Dalton." Lilly wept as Mark finished speaking. "You would know more?" he added, taking her hand affectionately. She could only sob a reply in the affirmative, and his heart ached to witness her tears, for he felt that she now for the first time experienced a keen sense of her own degradation.

"Lilly," he said, "you would know of your mother?"

"Yes," replied the girl, suppressing her sobs.

"She is still alive, existing with the one hope that her daughter will yet be restored to her."

"Never, Mark, never. I am too degraded a wretch to ever meet her who calls me child."

"You can be made an honest woman." Salome's dark eyes brightened up with a glow of pleasure and hope, and fixing them upon the noble man that addressed her, they grew dim again.

"Mark," she said, "I have been a wayward woman for many years. I have mingled among men of doubtful cast, though but few have I looked upon with love; and if I have cast from me all that adorns my sex, destiny decreed the sacrifice. Mark, I cannot be made an honest woman."

Blake was about to speak, but she raised an objection, and continued:

"I was once the pure and innocent Isabella Gonzalez, and when my unnatural parent gave me to the guardianship of Madame Cabet, for it was to her whom you alluded, he consigned his child to a viper that taught her how to sin, and now that I am schooled to infamy, by it I shall live; so nevermore, Mark, talk to me of honesty."

At this juncture their conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Ben Wrigley.

"Well, Wrigley," Lilly exclaimed, "I have been ahead of you. Mark has told me all about Foxwell. We must send a special messenger to Richmond in pursuit of Dick."

"Just as I thought," replied Ben, in a gentlemanly manner, as was his custom when addressing ladies that he chose to be polite to, "and we must start him in the first train in the morning from Jersey City."

"What does all this mean?" interrogated Blake.

"Nothing," essayed Salome, "only we have tracked Dick Foxwell, the murderer of Mr. Oliphant, and Ben and I are going to send an avenging bloodhound after him."

"Yes," added Ben, "one whe I consider possesses a natural right to perform an act that will deprive the hangman of a job."

"And you, Mark, must keep our secret, and not inform any one of what we are doing. A few days and you will know all."

Blake only smiled at the two, and changed the subject by inquiring of Ben "if he had yet heard anything of Bill Kernan?"

"I can't trace him anywhere. It appears to me as if he was spirited away, but he'll turn up some fine day, when he will be least expected."

Lilly coincided with Ben, who signified his desire to leave on a little business of a private nature. Excusing him, Ben withdrew to seek Madame Crisp, with a promise to Salome to return before midnight.

Alone again, Mark introduced the subject of Lilly becoming an "honest woman," but in another form.

"Ben's a good fellow," he said; "handsome too; it's a pity he is not an honest man."

"Why so?"

"There's many a woman would be proud of his personal appearance." The remark gave to Salome a new idea.

"Mark, am I worthy of such a man?"

"Why not?"

"My mother—"

"Would never know of his real character, and you could pronounce yourselves man and wife, and be happy. I am convinced that Ben is capable of improvement, and would be only too glad to join with you."

"I'll think upon it."

"Do so. Mr. Dalton has told me everything. Your mother is residing at Cambridge, and who knows but you may be happy with her yet?"

"I hope so," returned Lilly, with grave doubts. "Was it Mr. Dalton that told you the story you have been relating to me?"

"Yes, and he knows that you are Isabella Gonzalez."

"He does?"

"You have a birth mark on your breast?"

Lilly bared her bosom to Mark, who laid his fore-finger upon a large star-shaped mole, saying, as he did: "If Dalton had not detected that in time, you and he would have made a pretty mess of affairs."

"Yes," she replied, smiling, "and if my mother heard of it?"

"She would imagine you and Dalton two of the silliest fools unhung," and Mark embraced her.

"Why?"

"For telling of it."

As their embraces were getting warmer, Mark took occasion to remind her of the duty she owed to Ben, but being fickle and frolicsome, and forgetful of everything but the man in whose arms she was locked, a fervent sigh escaped her lips, and throwing her arms around his neck, kissed him and remarked, "Just once more," and he kissed the frail Lilly for the last time on earth.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN IMPROMTU SLASHING MILL.

Christmas is a great day, all the world over. New York, though, knocks spots out of every other city in their observance of 'Turkey and Whiskey day." The boys know the great festival comes but once a year, and when it does come, they generally make the most of it, and "make merry." They don't do nothin' else, old man. Well, this is all right, and we find no fault with old rounders, even if they have indulged in "a little too much Christmas," providing they mind their P's and Q's, and don't fall out with their friends. Some of our Thirty-third street friends have, it seems, a different idea of conducting their festivities. On Saturday morning, 27th inst., at five o'clock, a pair of as stalwart, hardy, and resolute young sports, for their size, as ever clenched a fist around these diggings, sailed off to Hoboken, for the purpose of settling, by a fair, manly, stand-up fight, a little feud that arose between them while enjoying their cups on Christmas night. The gladiators have been, for years, friends, but the green-eyed monster, as "Shakespoke" calls jealousy, interfered, and the former Damon and Pythias went back on each other, and broke squares. There was a woman in the question, and "that's what's the matter." Meeting with their friends, in a certain saloon on the night referred to, high words arose, and the match was made off-hand. The agreement was, "Let them fight it out; and when the mill is over, let there be no hard feelings on either side." The contestants belong to a hardy profession. Both ply the lash (or rather whipcord) for their rations, and being active with their mawleys, and well matched as to size and strength, it was supposed that a very interesting and lively fight would ensue. Just as the day was dawning, the pugilistic jarvies, accompanied by their respective friends, embarked at the foot of Thirty-first street, and after a brisk pull were landed on the "other side of Hobuck." All preliminaries being amicably arranged, the combatants stripped, shook hands, and went at it. The vigilant inhabitants of New Jersey were unconscious of the sport that was going on, for there was not a soul to interrupt the impending battle. Our conflicting worthies are known by the cognomons of "Cypress Hills" and "Calvary," owing to their almost exclusive business with those dumping-grounds. "Calvary" won the choice of ground, but "Cypress Hills" had the best second. There was a great advantage in that. If you don't believe it, ask Tom King or Jack McDonald. Time being called, at it they went, and for forty-five minutes, during which time thirty-seven rounds had been fought, they made one of the most stubborn and determined fights we have ever witnessed from amateurs in the fistic arena. "Calvary" was the favorite at the commencement, but his opponent's wrestling abilities bore so many fine points, that poor "Calvary" was almost back-heeled to death before the battle ended. But strange things often happen, and the Auburn boy pulled himself together for the last effort. Although evidently defeated, after a brief lapse "Richard was himself again;" and rushing in, caught "Cypress Hills" with a whack on the jaw, laying his opponent flat on his back, himself measuring his length from the force of his own blow. In falling, "Cypress" "struck a mine" of square flags, and his seconds, finding him deaf to all entreaties to rouse himself, threw up the sponge in token of defeat. The battle over, all returned to New York, the combatants bearing indellible marks of bruising, mutilation, and hard knocks.

CALIFORNIA GAMBLERS.

ATTEMPT TO ARREST INDICTED GAMBLERS.

There has been quite a time among the gamblers in San Francisco, lately, and strenuous efforts have been made to break up all gambling establishments. Recently, a number of indictments were found, and on Saturday evening, Nov. 29th, Chief Burke, accompanied by eight of the police force, and holding some thirty-six warrants of arrest under indictments against parties for gambling found by the Grand Jury, which had just closed its labors, proceeded to the gambling rooms near the Opera House, which from information received, they expected to find in full blast. They found no gambling going on, nor any of the parties named in the warrants, as the birds had taken the alarm and flown. From thence the Chief and his party proceeded to a gambling room at 606 Kearny street, said to be kept by Brown & Cook. The outer door to this room was a very strong one, through a wicket in which a colored doorkeeper was disposed to hold a parley. He was peremptorily ordered to open in the name of the law, or the door would be demolished. This stopped his talk, and he proceeded to give ingress to the Chief and his party. Before doing this, however, it was noticed that he pulled a rope, supposed to be a signal to the gentry inside. When the party entered, they found some thirteen persons seated in the room, quietly smoking cigars; but no indications of gambling. One man, however, was arrested here, by name of John M. Gore. The police then visited 643 Commercial street, but found no one to arrest. A man named Robert Edwards, said to be one of the dealers at this place, was afterwards arrested on the street. Quite an excitement was created by this raid on the fancy, and a crowd assembled at the different places visited, among whom the report was freely circulated that the Chief had been shot in his attempt to affect an entrance to the rooms on Kearny street. He came out of the peril safe and sound, however, with only two captives out of the thirty-six for whom warrants had been issued. For the last two or three days, the "sporting gentry," by some means or other, have kept themselves posted on matters in the Grand Jury Room, and, as a consequence, have been leaving town in various directions. It was a pretty big "scare." Since the above was written, a third party indicted, named E. A. Kelly, has been arrested. He was released on bail being given by J. Strattman and G. H. Irvin. The parties previously arrested were also bailed:—Edwards by P. Vincent and F. Collier, and Gore by R. Miles and H. R. Covey. The amount is $500.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1863.

TO SUBSCRIBERS, ADVERTISERS, AND OTHERS.

It may have escaped the observation of some, that three weeks since, on account of the extraordinary high price of paper we announced that hereafter the CLIPPER would be, for the time being, sold at Six Cents per copy, instead of four, as heretofore, but that our advertising rates would *remain the same*. For reference, and to facilitate business, we therefore append a schedule of rates:—

Single copy of the Clipper.6cts	Subscription for 6 months..$1 50
To Wholesale Dealers....4cts	Subscription for 4 months. 1 00
To Retail Agents.....4½cts	Club of Four 10 50
Subscription, per annum $3 00	Club of Eight.....20 00

In all cases in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion; a liberal deduction, will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication, Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday if possible.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. V., St. Catharines, C. W.—"On the 30th of December, I attended a raffle for a span of horses, and purchased a ticket (which I enclose to you) for two dollars. It says—'the highest to take choice of animals; second highest, remaining one.' The question arose, if two persons threw 46 for high, would not the person throwing 45 win the second best horse, and the two ties on 46 throw off to see who was entitled to the first choice? I have made a bet of five dollars that 45 wins the second horse, and we agree to abide by your decision."……Most persons, no doubt, would decide that the two 46's take the two prizes; but we have always taken a different view of such questions, unless where expressly stated that the *two highest throws* shall take the prizes; then, the two 46's would come in for both prizes, merely throwing off for choice. In the case under notice, the ticket before us says that the *highest* shall take choice; *second* highest, take the *remaining* horse. The *highest*, we find, is 46; surely the *second* highest cannot be 46, also; it is, according to the statement, 45; the *choice* of horses, it seems to us, is with the two parties throwing 46, that being the highest number scored; one horse, the best, belongs to those two, the disposition of which they can decide among themselves; the second highest throw, 45, takes the remaining horse; for the ticket implies, on its face, that after the highest has had the choice, there *is* a horse *remaining*, for the next highest. Had it been printed on the ticket that the two highest throws should be entitled to the two horses, then the case would have been different, and 45 would have no show. We give this as our opinion, knowing, at the same time, that it is in opposition to the opinion of many who are, perhaps, better qualified to decide such disputes than we profess to be.

L. R. P., Boston.—"Will you please decide the following bet on dice:—A, B, C, and D, are shaking dice, each one having three shakes, (if he chooses), usually called '*New York Grab.*' A bets B that he (B) don't shake 12 (*twelve*). B takes the bet, and on the first throw shakes *just* 12. A asks him if he will leave that as his shake, B says no, and shakes again, leaving a 6; (for the reason probably, that D had shaken 14), B shakes again, and gets again enough to make just 12. A asks B if he will leave *that* as his shake; B says no, and shakes again, this time getting 16, which he leaves *as his count*, and claims the money. A contends that as the shake was '*New York Grab*,' (which entitles the shaker to leave either the first, second or third shake *as his count*,) that he (A) wins. Now please state the case as herein, and say who wins. A contends that had B left either the first or second count, (viz 12) that B would have won: but as he did not leave either of the two, as his count, that B in getting the last, either more or less than 12, loses the bet."……B wins. A, no doubt, intended the bet as a catch, but it does not hold good, for in throwing 16, B certainly *did* throw *twelve*, and thereby takes the money.

ALEC, Philadelphia.—Charley Lynch fought three times in this country—with Flory Macarty (the American Spider), Andy Kelly, and Derry Youth (a glove fight). In England he fought Simon Finighty twice, Young Harrington twice, Jack Sullivan, Dan Thomas, Billy Shaw, and George Holden, all men of the highest ability. In most cases he gave weight away, or his winnings would be much the more. Charley now "keeps a hotel" in London named after our paper, and is doing well.

H. D., AND J. B., Washington.—*Draughts.*—"A and B are playing draughts, A jumps into the king row. Can he jump out again before B moves, if his man was not a king before jumping into the king row? A bets he can jump out again, B bets he cannot; who wins?"……B wins. On getting into the king row, the piece must remain until a move has been made by the opposition.

SUPERCARGO, Boston.—We tender you many thanks for your favors, and for the expression of your kind regard. We had already in type some Boston items when your's arrived. You will perceive, in running your eyes over our different departments, that we separate the various items we receive, and classify them under appropriate headings. We like short, spicey bits of news.

S., St. Louis.—We have always reserved to ourselves the privilege of cutting down our correspondence where it is necessary. We do not like long letters on theatrical subjects. If we were to publish in detail all the letters we receive, it would take two or three "CLIPPERS," each week, to hold them. We cannot deviate from our regular course.

PROVIDENCE.—1. If a manager engages a company for a stated period, and at a named salary, he is bound to pay them that salary, whether he plays them in city or country. 2. Concerning sickness, we presume a manager has the right to make deductions, but for a single night's absence owing to sickness, it hardly seems generous to deduct.

VAPID, Philadelphia.—Thank you for ferreting out the fraud. We had a letter from an Illinois correspondent on the subject, but he did not furnish us the direct proof, as you have done. Mr. Henri Rollande, the gymnast, is a base plagiarist and deceiver. We have referred to the matter in our circus department.

J. H. M., 2d R. I. V., near Falmouth.—A happy New Year to you and your companions. Glad the CLIPPER reaches you. Should you get up any sporting events, we shall be pleased to have the privilege of putting them on the record.

SUBSCRIBER, Toronto.—"1. To decide a wager, please state the best time in trotting ever made by Flora Temple. 2. What is the shortest trotting time on record?"……1. Flora's best time is 2:19¾; which is also the best trotting time on record.

W. H. C., Milford.—1. The greatest qualification just now, is political influence, without which, no matter how suitably qualified in other respects you may be, the chances are all against you. 2. We believe he appoints his own clerk.

UNION JACK.—The Persia and Vanderbilt are probably among the fastest steamships in the world, but we cannot decide which is the fastest in the world.

OLD FRIEND, Salem, Mass.—The cost of the advertisement for once, would be 60 cents, twice $1; and 50 cents for each additional insertion.

DAVY GINGERNUT.—1. We believe they belong to that persuasion. 2. Miss A., is the wife of Mr. J. H. 3. We don't know. 4. Any of them, if you possess the requisite ability.

K. R., Philadelphia.—If you will give us the points, with number of lines required, and enclose cost of advertising, we will make it out for you.

A SUBSCRIBER, Pautucket, R. I.—Tom Spring won his first fight with Ned Painter, April 1, 1818, but was himself beaten by Painter, August 7, the same year.

CONSTANT READER.—1. The date of the Astor Place riot was May 10, 1849. 2. The fight between Awful Gardner and Dublin Tricks, took place on the 6th of January, 1852.

GEO. HARRINGTON, Philad'a.—That book was properly addressed as per first letter, to the "City Item" office. Some rascal has stolen it, sure. Will send another.

FITZGERALD, Boston.—We do not think *that* signature is bogus; it may be ere long, however. Thank you. We'll continue to "give them our dust."

THEO. W., Wing's Station, Harlem R. R.—A telescope such as you desire, for viewing target shots, will cost about $20.

LITTLE AL.—What is the question you wish to decide. You don't state the case clearly.

F. A. H., Sparta, C. W.—Spondulicks received. Good for eight months.

J. B. L., Brooklyn.—We are not acquainted with the performer's private history.

L. 'O., Columbus, O.—May you never be in want of a "hot Irish" or of greenbacks.

W. M. J., Brantford, C. W.—We'll call upon the parties named, and if you do not hear from them, advise us.

JOHN DONCASTER, Hartsville, Pa.—Thanks for the trouble you have taken. We were supplied, however, last week.

FOX & FRAHEN, Co. K., U. S. I., Fort Kearney, Neb. Ter.—With No. 47 of the present volume.

HICKORY HARRISON.—We are crowded for room just now.

P., Boston.—He is a quack.

THE HAND BOOK OF BILLIARDS, by Messrs. Phelan and Berger, is among the latest publications, and comes out at a very seasonable time, when billiards are all the rage. It contains almost everything that is necessary to know to become an adept in the game, is neatly gotten up, and is fixed at the very low price of 25 cents, Sinclair Tousey, No. 121 Nassau street, wholesale agent; or if by mail, send 30 cents to Messrs. Phelan and Collender, No. 67 Crosby street.

$500!! $500!!

CHANCE FOR STORY TELLERS!

$500 FOR THE BEST STORIES.

To be Adapted Expressly for the Readers of the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

In the absence of any greater inducements to bring out the talents of story writers, we hereby offer the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the three best stories which may be handed in to us by the 15th of March, 1863. Two hundred and fifty dollars will be given for the best story, one hundred and fifty dollars for the next in order of merit, and one hundred dollars for the third best. They must be written expresly for our columns, and to suit the tastes of the readers of the CLIPPER. We don't want any war stories. The stories must "open rich" at once, with the interest commencing at the start, and continuing to the end. The plot must be well laid, altogether original, with plenty of exciting and thrilling incidents—in a word, they must be fast stories, for a fast people. Each story must run thirteen weeks, to occupy the first page of the CLIPPER each week. We don't want any of those stereotyped, namby pamby stories which are manufactured now-a-days by steam, and sold by the cord, or ton. We want something fresh and exciting. The cash will be paid to the successful competitors as soon as the decision is rendered, which will be in time to commence the first prize story in the first number of the Eleventh Volume of the CLIPPER, commencing April 18, 1863.

The award will be made fair and square, without the least partiality or favoritism, and in accordance with the principles which guided us in awarding our first series of prizes in the year 1859, two of which were taken by parties of whom we had never even heard before, and whose names we did not see until a decision had been made. The editor of the CLIPPER will himself decide the question of superiority, and hand the money over to the successful authors. Stories not successful in taking a prize, will be at once returned to their owners, or purchased at a fair valuation, as may be mutually agreed upon. This is a BONA FIDE offer, and the money will be given if but three competitors enter. If but one should enter, that one will get the first prize, be his story good or bad. All communications must be addressed to

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor of the NEW YORK CLIPPER,
29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5, 1863.

A MILLING MEDLEY.

Things in reference to the Championship of England were considerably mixed up just previous to the Unknown planking the mopusses, Mace, Goss, King, and others, being all in a heap on the subject. Mace publishes a letter in big *Bell*, who gets in a big one in return. In the *Life*, also, is a chapter on the subject, including an epistle from one of the Corinthians, pitching into Mace. Poor fellow, he will soon have to plead for salvation from his friends if he don't look out. We might have something to say, were it not that space forbids, so we will "shut up" by giving such of the matter as is of interest here:—

WHAT MACE SAYS.

"It having been intimated to me that some gentleman had staked money on my behalf, but without my authority, in answer to a challenge purporting to emanate from Joe Goss, for him to fight me at 10st 10lb, I wish to inform Goss and all the world, that I will maintain my claim for the belt against all comers, according to the conditions, £200 a side and at catch weight, as I still consider myself Champion of England. The conditions are that a man who contends for the championship must not be confined to weight, and Goss and his friends know that full well. If he wishes for a try for the championship, let him be on at once for the belt, without any more cavilling. If that does not suit him, I will fight him £600 to £400, three months after my next champion fight, be it with Goss or any other man breathing—that is, within nine months after signing articles to fight for the championship of England. If Goss means business, let him come to terms at once, or hold his peace. Yours, &c.,
JEM MACE, Champion of the World. Dec. 19, 1862.

WHAT BELL SAYS.

"Mace is in error in supposing any one has staked money for him. All the money staked was the £20 he left at our office himself. Has Mace forgotten that a fortnight back we inserted, at his own request, a challenge to fight Goss, for £500 a side, at 10st 10lb or 10st 12lb? His letter above is not compatible with this challenge. He must clearly make a match with Goss, according to his own challenge. Goss, however, is quite willing to take £600 to £400. Has he forgotten that he received forfeit from Goss in the spring, when the latter was unable to go on, owing to an injury to his shoulder, and this, too, when no articles were signed?"

WHAT KING'S BACKER SAYS.

"Tom King's backer wishes us to say that previous to King's last fight, when he won the Championship, he had promised faithfully, that win or lose he should retire from the Ring; and it is King's present intention to keep that promise. Should circumstances ever arise, and King be once more tempted to throw down the gauntlet, Jem Mace may rest assured that he shall have the first chance. Tom King wishes to thank his friends, backers, and the public, for the uniform kindness he has ever met with, and hopes, in whatever sphere he may be placed in, to merit the good opinion of all."

WHAT THE SPORTING LIFE SAYS.

"The friends and backers of Joe Goss are very wroth with Mace for repudiating his former challenge to the Northampton man, to fight at 10st 10lb. We cannot suppose, from what we know of Mace, that it could be his intention to mislead us; but why he should have stated in his letter to us, last Wednesday, that the money put down on his behalf, to fight Goss, was 'without his sanction,' we are quite at a loss to comprehend. The stakeholder assures us that Mace himself deposited £10 for the express purpose of making a match at 10st 10lb; and we are therefore surprised that Jem, in his present high position, should pursue such a course. Unless he fights Goss according to the challenge, which is now patent emanated from him, the £10 down must be forfeited—a fair precedent for such a proceeding being found in the fact that Mace himself received £5 forfeit from Goss, when they were matched, after Jem's first encounter with King, and when Goss had injured his shoulder with Ryall. Mace has hitherto enjoyed the confidence and patronage of the public, and if it does not suit him to fight Goss, he had better say so at once, and candidly state his reasons, instead of backing out in a manner certainly beneath a Champion of England. The sympathies of the public are at present largely with Mace, and he will be acting most prejudicially to his own interests if he does not maintain his character for straightforwardness and open dealing. The business claims of his circus may be very important to him, in a pecuniary sense, but he must not overlook the fact that pugilism has made him what he is, and been the mainspring of his success. We caution him, for his own sake, not to have too many irons in the fire. So long as he is ambitious of remaining Champion of England, he must conform strictly to the responsibilities of his position. Goss and his friends are really anxious to 'get on' with their match, and to prove this, they will agree to fight in June or July, so that Jem shall have no excuse about the stated difficulty of bringing himself down to 10st 10lb. the stipulated weight. Mace's offer to fight £600 to £400, three months after his next battle for the Championship, is simply preposterous, as Goss, of course, does not wish to wait perhaps two years before they can meet in the P. R. Of course, Mace will follow his own course, but we look upon his refusal to fight Goss, after what has taken place, as a most ill-advised step."

WHAT GOSS'S BACKER SAYS.

"I am very much surprised at Jem Mace trying to get out of his repeated challenges to fight Joe Goss at 10st 10lb. Now Joe Goss is prepared to fight him at that weight, he states some *gentleman* staked for him without his sanction. The public well know his challenge last week, at his (Mace's) benefit, and at the weighing of Dillon and Reardon. When Goss offered to fight at 10st 7lb, he would fight at 10st 10lb, and stake £600 to £400. If he presume to the championship of the World, surely he will not sully his fame in trying to get out, but will go on with the match for £200 a side at 10st 10lb; or Joe shall fight him on his own terms, of £600 to £400. I am, sir, yours respectfully,
JOHN WEBBERLEY, (Joe Goss's Backer.")

There now, ain't that a regular rough and tumble of a go, and ain't poor Mace getting goss? Come over here, Mace, and fight Heenan; there's more money and fame in it, and by a shorter cut than getting knocked about over that bauble of a belt.

THE FASTEST SIX MILE TIME RECORDED!—Elsewhere in this issue we publish an account of a six miles race for the Championship, run at Hackney Wick, near London, Eng., between Mills and White, two far-famed pedestrians, in which the former won by ten yards only, in the fastest time on record, viz.; *thirty minutes and nine seconds!* Spanking time and no mistake. So much for running races on the square.

A WELL-MERITED APPOINTMENT.—We are much gratified to learn that Maj. Jas. A. Farrish—before the war broke out it was plain "Jim Farrish"—has been appointed Additional Paymaster, in the U. S. Army, by E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War. There's no mistake about it—we saw the official documents. Major Farrish early inlisted in defence of the Union, and was captain in the 79th (Scottish) Regiment of this city. His regiment was in the battle of Bull Run, and Captain Farrish was made a prisoner, and confined several months in Richmond. Now that you have it in your power, Major, see that the boys in your division are not kept out of their pay any longer than may be actually necessary. Room there for the Major. He was to leave for his new post of duty, Louisville, Ky., on the 6th.

COCKING.

MAIN BETWEEN NEW YORK AND TROY.

NEW YORK WINS.

The season for Cocking sports has opened, and already a very important main—New York against Troy—has been fought. This main took place on Wednesday, Dec. 31, 1862, at the Union Hotel, on the road between Albany and Troy, and was for $40 each battle, and $500 on the main. A correspondent, "G. C.," gives us the particulars, remarking that, owing to the crowd and noise, he may be slightly at fault in one or two of the weights, but has endeavored to be as accurate as possible.

At nine P. M., we arrived at the scene of action, and found quite an assemblage of Troy, Albany, and New York sports collected in the bar-room of the Union Hotel, situated on the Troy and Albany road, prominent among whom were Mickey Pratt, Lije Simmonds, Wally Patrick, Jack Lawless, and a host of others, as the auction papers say, "too numerous to mention." About 10 o'clock, a grand rush for the bar announced the fact that something was up; and accordingly, proceeding thither, we were, for the sum of one dollar, government currency, furnished with a ticket for the main. We managed to get in with the crowd, and took a front seat, the space of which from outside pressure was soon reduced to about six inches; but we had no time or disposition to grumble, for as soon as all were admitted and seated, in came "John" Mulholland, with a gay cock in his hand. He stated that he was a 5-11 bird, the largest he had, and that he was going to fight the "Columbus" of Troy, weighing 6-2. Odds of ten to eight were immediately offered on the Troy cock, and $50 to $40 on the main. The Troy bird was then brought in—a fine-looking blue red—and the sport began, after selecting Mr. Somerindyke, of New York, as judge.

Round 1. The Troy bird fought gamely, but was rapidly getting the worst of it, when, to the surprise of all, and the chagrin of his backers, the New York cock expressed his disgust with the proceedings by making a rapid exit from the pit, accompanying his flight with sundry squalls, which certainly were not in token of victory. At this unlooked for termination, the Troy boys began to get noisy; an ebullition, however, which was promptly checked by the referee, and a check which was final for the evening, and the cocks were brought in for

Round 2. New York, white pile, a fine fowl, 4–11; Troy, black, very active, 4–10. New York wins by sheer gameness (being outfought at every point), after a very hard battle.

Round 3. New York, blue red; weight, 5–11: Troy, dark grey, rather fat, 5–10. Both fowls lost an eye early in the fight, and the Troy fowl finally got crazy, and made the most extraordinary leaps, and danced a reel all round the pit. New Yerk wins. In the interval, a little Irish boy sang some patriotic songs in fine style, and quite a lot of "shiners" fell into his hat when he passed it round.

Round 4. At the opening of this match, E. Simmonds offered $25 on the Troy bird, which was not taken. New York, white pile; weight, 5–10: Troy, black red, 5–11. This was a very desperate fight, but the Troy fowl finally packed up his goods and left. New York wins.

Round 5. New York, pile, 5–4; Troy, red, 5–5. New York wins.

Round 6. New York, dark red; weight, 5–7: Troy, blue red; weight, 5–6. The New York cock was coupled at the second fly, and finally cried lustily for quarter. Troy wins.

Round 7. New York, black red, 5–11; Troy, red, 4–15. Troy had his leg broken after a few clips, and was soon killed. New York wins.

Round 8. New York, pile; weight, 5–5: Troy, birch; weight, 5–6. A very severe fight, New York winning the match and main. And thus, at half-past 3 o'clock, ended the main, at which an orderly company assembled.

Mr. Somerindyke officiated throughout with the most unquestionable fairness, to the very generally expressed satisfaction of all parties.

Two of the New York cocks ran away—the only two matches that party lost—and several of the Troy cocks played army officer, and got away as safely as possible.

The New York cocks far out-stationed and conditioned the Troy birds, the most of which fought at from 3 to 5 ounces too much weight.

The Troy cocks were handled by Mr. Jakeway, and the New York birds by John Mulholland.

There should have been three more fights, but Troy refused to fight any more.

NEW YORK VS PHILADELPHIA.—This main is to take place this week.

MAINS IN OHIO.—We learn that several mains were fought in Columbus, Ohio, on Christmas day, by those belligerent birds "sacred to Gallus."

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.

AMERICA VS GREAT BRITAIN.

AN UNKNOWN AFTER MACE.

IS IT HEENAN?

Almost every mail that arrives from Europe, startles us with one of rumor's big guns, that conjures up before our at present war-disturbed visions, ponderous fists, booming cannon, exploding shells, slashing sabres, and all sorts of exaggerated paraphernalia of fight. In fact, the prow of every vessel coming into our harbor seems to present one of the two horns of a dilemma, either to fight or be annihilated. Fortunately for us, as a nation, that big axe that England and France have been holding over us, in the vicinity of Mason and Dixon's line, has not yet fallen, and we are yet able to talk about the Union forever. But we have a rumor, or rather, a second edition of an old one, stating that Heenan, adopting the obscure title of "Unknown," has consented to enter the lists against Jem Mace, for the Championship. Jem, as CLIPPER readers well know, got taken down in the class by King, and has got to begin again, and it may be possible that Heenan has taken it upon himself to give him the first lesson in the second series. We shall be pardoned, however, for having doubts, because of the many false rumors that have come to hand heretofore, and because of Heenan's emphatic declaration, *"no more fights for me."* Indeed, the idea of Heenan's taking the *soubriquet* of "The Unknown" to start with, throws cold water on the affair, we think. It *may* be so, however; but we shall reserve one eye at least for the other side of the question. Now, it is possible that this "Unknown" may be the young "American ship carpenter," alluded to in our last. It is certain that some one is after Mace, for it is stated that Mace's preliminary deposit of £20 has been covered by an Unknown; and England will have it, it appears, that it must be an American. Well, we have no objection, if we can only see that motto, "fair play and no favor," etc., ever so dimly in the horizon. The Britishers, however, appear to be as much puzzled as we are, and are trying to guess who the mythical individual is. Read what the *Sporting Life* of Dec. 20th says:—

"Late last evening (Friday) a gentleman waited upon the usual stakeholder, and covered Mace's £20 already down for a fresh fight for the Championship and £200 or £500 a side, whichever Mace may please. They have to meet next Friday, to draw up articles, when "the Unknown" will be named, and all preliminaries arranged. The intelligence of this fresh "Unknown, "will create a sensation in pugilistic circles, and the first impression among the talent is, that the "Unknown," when his name comes to be disclosed, will be found in John C. Heenan, the Benicia Boy. On the other hand, it may be Brettle's Unknown, that was matched with Mace, and who was "paid out," in order not to interrupt the negotiation of the late match for the Championship. In all probability we shall be able to indicate the real name of the "Unknown" in our next Wednesday's issue."

Let our readers stand by for the disclosure, but don't be in a hurry to bet that it is the Benicia Boy. The wish, in this case, is not father to the thought, for we shall indeed be rejoiced to know that something has turned up to rouse the sporting world from its lethargy.

TRAP SHOOTING IN CANADA.—A shooting match at pigeons, came off at Brantford, C. W., on Christmas day, for a small purse, and an oyster supper, to be paid for by the losing side. It was between members of the B. H. R. Shooting Club, each man to shoot at ten birds. Betting was 2 and 3 to 1 in favor of Young's side at first, but towards the close it veered round to evens, which were readily taken whenever offered. The following is the score:—

F. YOUNG'S SIDE.		W. TUDSBURG'S SIDE.	
Geo. C. Parkins..1110101010—	6	Wm. Young.....1000001000—	2
F. Young.....0101000100—	3	Wm. Baxter.....1110011011—	7
R. Gladders.....1001000000—	2	John Rennicks..1110101100—	6
Geo. Welshofer..0110101001—	5	D Hayes.....0001111101—	6
J. H. Jull .....0100001110—	4	W. Tudsburg....1000010000—	2
Total.....20		Total.....23	

Thomas Taylor and Enoch Brown were the referees; and Mr. James Yardington, the Umpire. Three of the gentlemen engaged, Messrs, Baxter, Parker and Rennicks, are open to a challenge from any part of Canada for a shooting match; and, although their scores were small in the above match, those scores must not be taken as a criterion of their abilities, by any means, as they are acknowledged to be excellent shooters.

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON—THE GEM—Corner of Houston and Crosby streets, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, to which some valuable additions have recently been made, by all means. 3-tf

THE ORIENTAL, No. 116 Bowery, between Grand and Hester streets, New York. The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and acquaintances, that he has taken the above house, which he opened on Monday evening, June 9th, 1862. The Bar will be supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors, and Segars. The Proprietor will do everything in his power to promote comfort. 10-tf JOHN ROCHE.

THE DEER'S HEAD.—JACK BATH'S house, No. 25 Houston, near Crosby street, is the stopping place of all who love "good cheer and good beer," sparkling liquors and prime Havanas. His portrait gallery has everybody worth seeing on exhibition, and Jack delights in explaining them. Fun and frolic the order, day and night.

"WE STILL LIVE."—HARRY HILL'S Saloon, on Houston street, enjoys the popular patronage to an unparalleled degree. The truth is, Harry is a capital fellow, and a most *recherché* caterer, and hence his almost unprecedented popularity. We advise all who desire to spend a social and delightful evening to visit his admirably conducted Restaurant and Saloon. 36-3m*

JERRY CONKLIN'S BENEFIT.—A goodly company attended the Shakespeare Hotel, last Tuesday, Dec. 30, to give the worthy Jerry a lift in the world. There couldn't have mustered much less than four hundred paying subscribers. But little notice was given of the affair, or there might have been more. Jerry didn't even make us aware of his intentions, and only for seeing a solitary bill at the Eagle Hotel, Centre street, the chances are that about half would never have heard of it. When "old man Tovee" don't get to a benefit, you may depend something's wrong. Father William was in town, just returned from spending his Christmas at a friend's house in Fordham; his name was also on the bill—"so was Harry Lazarus's," you may say, for for that matter. Yes, that's a fact, but when Tovee figures in printer's ink, it's mighty seldom he goes back on anybody. In his absence, Milage Cornell, Esq., (good clothes entitle any man to be an esquire, now-a-days,) acted as M. C. We prefer Old Bill, because Milage couldn't be heard, hence we are not able to give over half the names. Those old rounders, and new aspirants for renown, who did "put 'em on," were as below, not forgetting that Milage Cornell was master of ceremonies:—Stafford and Malone's Big 'Un (Ben Hogan), Alf Walker and "Punch," (whom Billy Donnelly got away with, last week, in Boston;) Jerry Conklin and Handsome Mike, Dan Kerrigan and the Canada Pet, Malone's Big 'Un and friend, Milage Cornell and friend, Dick Hollywood and Grady, Alf Walker and a gentleman from Dublin, Abrahams and another guileless Israelite, with Johnny Roche and Conklin for the wind-up. There was some first-rate sparring—in fact, the majority did well. Ben Hogan, an Irish Dutchman, and protege of Ed Malone's, set all kinds of rumors flying. Some say he wants to tackle Mister Mace; others, that Con Orem's the boy he most fancies, and, among the thousand assertions, we hardly know what to think. Certainly he's big enough and handsome enough to demolish one half the gay buffers—all he wants is science, a very important item. The style in which he disposed of Stafford and his "friend," told tales. Billy Clarke ought to take him in tow, and put him up to the time of day, then bring him out. Let Father Malone see to it. Kerrigan (first bow since his return home) gave Canada such a Tom King hit that he retired with all the crimson gushing thick and fast from his cornucopia. Well done, Danny! Walker's spar with "Punch" and "Dublin," was very creditable; also, Hollywood and Grady's. Av course Mickey Trainor and Jerry did beautifully. We couldn't learn who Milage Cornell's friend was; or might say more of their box. An Unknown was billed to wind up with Jerry, who didn't show. Somebody that is known did, though—the "urbane and indefatigable" Johnny Roche, of the Bowery Oriental, and made a plaguy sight better set-to than any unknown could think of doing. We are glad to notice Jerry and Johnny have fraternized, for, until lately, Conklin's sympathies were supposed to be with the Brooklyn folks. When the next exhibition comes off, perhaps the parties will let us know beforehand.

WILL TOM SAYERS AND JEM MACE FIGHT?—It is the opinion of good judges, who can read the signs of the times, Tom Quick included, that these two heroes will eventually come together as antagonists in the ring. It is thought that John C. Heenan won't fight again, and we don't believe Goss cares to tackle Mace unless "at evens." Rather than let things get rusty, the gallant Tom may take a notion to give Master Jem a shake yet, vague as the chances look at the present writing. Mace may be delighted to get matched with Sayers, and should these things come to pass, look out for one of the greatest mills on record. Step out, Tom, and have a jig with the fiddler.

A RIVAL FOR DELMONICO.—Mr. David Hastings, one of the first men to volunteer when the war broke out, who did good service as a member of the Engineer Corps of the 8th Regiment, has taken the lofty and spacious building, No. 25 Chambers-street, near Centre, had it fitted up trim and smart, and turned it into a first class bar and lunch room, under the title of "The Exchange." As a resort for our leading literati, actor folks, city fathers, judges, members of the bar, and the better class of sporting men, Mr. Hastings' House may soon be as noted as Delmonico's. We believe the Major has a partner—a male partner, we mean—who is withal, a good sort of fellow to know.

PHIL CLARE AS A PUBLICAN.—It will be news for many of the boys to read of the conqueror of George Leese being settled down in the midst of a very interesting family keeping hotel in Brooklyn. We didn't know of it ourselves until lately. Some night our steps will be turned in that direction, and we'll try and get a list of the Brooklyn sports, where they're keeping, how biz. is going, etc., etc.

DEATH OF HARRY GRIBBIN'S WIFE.—By a recent letter from Harry to Jack Bath, which we were allowed to peruse, the melancholy news comes that Mrs. Margaret Gribbin is no more. She was taken ill November 20, and died in three days afterwards, on the 23d. To those personally acquainted with the deceased, this intelligence will be received with much sadness, while to Harry himself the blow is a severe one indeed. Mr. Gribbin has our sympathies in his untimely and irreparable loss. Poor Maggie!

TROUBLE BREWING.—The vindictive manner in which the California officials are hunting down the gambuliers, coupled with the late shooting match between two noted sports in San Francisco, may be the means incidentally of breaking off the match between Johnny Lazarus and Pete Dailey. We don't say it will, mind you, but things look kinder squally at present. By all means, let's see Johnny and Pete at it in the ring. It's going to create the biggest excitement we've had for years. So says Tom Quick.

BEEN SICK.—Little Mulholland, not the rooster fighter, but "Electric Jimmy," was laid up with Old Rheumatiz last week, unable to make the rounds. He is now somewhat more like himself, though not altogether smart again. Tommy Houston is still very low, and unless he gets out in the country, we're afraid his complaint will soon floor him altogether.

BILLIARDS.—Amateurs at billiards will find ten first class Phelan Tables at the corner of Twenty-ninth street and Broadway. The room is pleasant and well arranged, and is under the personal supervision of the Proprietor, THOMAS T. STONE, well known as one of the oldest and best billiard players in the country, who will be pleased to receive a visit from his friends, both old and new.

N. B.—Orders received for anything in connection with the trade. 37-4t*

DEERY VS. CANN.—That old busy body—Gossip—has, it appears, been saying that John Deery, the famous billiard player, boasts that he can discount Cann, the boss cue at Elizabeth, N. J. Now, we don't believe that Gossip is right this time in saying Deery said so. Maybe, however, Deery can discount Cann, and maybe Cann can't be beat so easily; so there is a fine chance for a try. A correspondent informs us that Cann can be backed for the sum of fifty dollars, against Deery, to play at French caroms, at evens, providing "the shoot" takes place at Crane's Room, at Newark, N. J. Now, boys, what do you say about it? Can the match be played, Deery? Can it, Cann? Shy in your castors, before a further rise takes place in chalk.

AN HOUR AT BILLIARDS.—Whenever you want an hour's exercise at the beautiful and fascinating game of billiards, just go to Thomas T. Stone's establishment, corner of Twenty-ninth street and Broadway. The apparatus is always in order, the saloon is large and airy, and when we tell you that it contains ten of Phelan's tables, that the refreshments are first class, and that T. T. Stone is one of the best stones in town, no other recommendation is necessary. By all means go and have an hour's play with Stone's balls, etc.

BILLIARDS AT ZANESVILLE, O.—A billiard match, for $50 a side, was played there on New Year's Day, between Messrs. Alters and Dare, the latter winning by ten points. Another one is to be played soon, for $75 a side, between Messrs. Palmer and Dixon.

GAME OF TEN PINS.—At Lancaster, Pa., on the 25th Dec., a string game of thirty balls was played on a sixty-five feet alley, for $50 a side, between J. Chambers and W. Cruewell. The match was won by Chambers. The following is the score:—
Chambers, 30 balls.....270 pins | Cruewell, 30 balls.....265 pins
The game was played on an alley kept by Mr. S. Reese.

CRICKET IN PHILADELPHIA.—A match at cricket was played between the Monroe and Somerfield clubs, on the 23d ult,, (rather late in the season,) which the Monroe won by eight wickets. The scores were: Monroe, first innings, 138, second, 44; Somerfield, first innings, 51, second, 130.

"KICKED THE BUCKET."—A fine trotting stallion, named Blackleg, died, it is thought, of lung fever, at Sacramento, Cal., about Nov. 1st. Californians appear to be unfortunate with their imported trotting stock. This one was imported by E. M. Pitcher, in 1859.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from Page 311.

DRAMATIC.

At New Orleans, money is scarce, and business dull. Baker's Dramatic Company, at the Varieties, was doing little or nothing, and it was a question whether they would be able to stand it much longer. New Orleans can hardly support one place of amusement just now, and we fear the Varieties will suffer before the winter terminates. Our correspondence from there is down to Dec. 21st. It is to be hoped that the holidays improved things somewhat.

Miss Mary Provost is Mr. Grover's card this week at his Washington Theatre. See advertisement.

In a card to the public, in relation to the destruction by fire of Ford's Washington Theatre, Manager Ford says—"The loss recently sustained by the undersigned in the destruction of his new theatre, has gained him so many manifestations of popular sympathy and of friendly encouragement, that he cannot refrain from thus publicly acknowledging his appreciation of kindnesses which have associated with his misfortune more grateful remembrances of personal and public esteem, than his richest prosperity has yet conveyed. It affords him, under these circumstances, a deep gratification to announce, that the interruption of his professional intercourse with this community will be of but brief continuance, and that the early possession of a new and entirely first-class establishment—one worthy the dignity of the metropolis—will enable him to renew, and with increased advantages, his efforts to deserve the liberal support he has ever received at the hands of the Washington public. The most painful incident of the disaster is the heavy—and, in several instances, irreparable—losses imposed upon the dramatic company, members of the orchestra, and mechanics attached to the establishment by the destruction of their wardrobes, musical instruments, and tools, and by their sudden loss of engagements at a season when it is peculiarly difficult for persons of their occupations to obtain employment. Their case is one of singular and excessive hardship, involving, as it may do, questions of personal suffering to themselves and families, and the undersigned cheerfully waiving, in behalf of the more urgent needs, the generous proffers of benefit and other tenders of aid made to him, earnestly commends to the attention of their friends and the public, the claims which their marked professional zeal and fidelity, and their private worth, give them upon the kindly consideration of those for whose entertainment they have so successfully labored. It will afford me sincere pleasure, to co-operate in any measure looking to their relief."

Mary Provost is the star of attraction this week at Grover's Washington Theatre, Washington. We think that Miss Provost will please our Washington friends.

John Owens is drawing well at Ford's Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore.

On Saturday evening, Jan. 3d, Mr. Grover placed his theatre in Washington at the disposal of the sufferers by fire of Ford's Theatre, for their benefit. We delight to chronicle such acts of kindness.

Dan Setchell had had his benefit at Grover's Theatre, Washington, D. C., on the 2d Jan. "Jack Sheppard" was given, with Jack divided into three parts, Sophie Gimber appearing as Sheppard in the first act, Kate Denin in the 2d, and Lotty Hough in the 3d. Setchell was the Blueskin.

Manager Wheatley brilliantly inaugurated his season at the Boston Theatre. Edwin Forrest and Mr. Hackett, while there, drew audiences that fairly tested the capacity of the theatre, and on several occasions the vast auditorium proved inadequate to the demand for even standing room. "Metamora" drew an immense house. The "Broker of Bogota" was produced in the splendid style characteristic of the management of this house, and Mr. Forrest won new laurels for his performance of a difficult part. The play was last produced at the Federal-street Theatre, in that city, and was comparatively new to Boston theatregoers.

Garry Hough, with his comedy company, ran opposition to Parson Brownlow, in Elmira, Dec. 26th. Hough is a hard customer to beat, and with the party he has drawn around him, should make his entertainments popular.

At the time we write, Jan. 5, we have not been able to ascertain whether the new theatre in Philadelphia is to be opened on the 19th or the 26 th of this month, but we are very happy to announce that our great tragedian, Mr. Forrest, will open the theatre and initiate the performances. Mr. Hackett will appear on the off nights with Forrest, and continue until February, when he will retire, and Miss Lucille Western will occupy his place, producing East Lynne, which met with such a favorable reception at the Academy of Music, recently, when Miss Western performed it for a couple of nights, in Philadelphia. We understand that Mr. John B. Wright, at present stage manager at the Howard Atheneum, Boston, has been engaged as stage manager for the new theatre in Philadelphia. J. G. Hanley succeeds Mr. Wright at the Howard.

Mr. and Miss Richings open at the Arch, Philadelphia, this evening, Jan. 5th, and notwithstanding their losses by the fire at Washington, will play their full list of pieces during the engagement. The fire will not interfere with their engagements in any manner. This we are authorized to say by Mr. Augustus S. Pennoyer, their agent. "Satanella" will be produced next week. Although they lost the music of three pieces, yet, Phœnix-like, they're up again, and will fulfil all engagements to the letter.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, after a most successful engagement of eight weeks in New York, will open at the Walnut street, Philadelphia, on Monday, January 12, succeeding Laura Keene.

MUSIC HALLS.

Miss Mary Walton remains at Lep's Melodeon, Baltimore. Signor Bliss is also there, walking on the ceiling, with his head downward. He is said to do this feat very well.

Kate O'Neill put in a full week at the Washington Varieties, where, also, the great Hernandez performs. Miss Eva Brent is announced for this week. They have a most excellent company at the Varieties just now.

The new Canterbury Music Hall, Louisiana Avenue, near Sixth street, Washington, D. C., re-opened for the first time since the extensive alterations have been made, on the last day of 1862, in "a blaze of glory," classically speaking, you know. Four hundred dollars were taken for admission alone. A grand performance for ladies and children was given on New Year's day, proving a good speculation. The proprietors and managers, Geo. Percival & Co., have now performing the herein mentioned "court of beauty:" Agnes Sutherland, the Scottish Warbler; Miss Kate Pennoyer, Terpsichorean artiste, both pretty and popular; Nellie Taylor, a charming melodist: and the Misses Jennie Allen, Lilley Brandon, Clara Berger, Tilly Forbes, Kate and Annie Harrison, Mlle Jennie, and Little Ella, all clever and spruce-looking; Geo. R. Eddson, comedian, pantomimist, vocalist, and stage manager, has plenty of work cut out, and doeth well. Tim Hayes, clog dancer; H. W. Eagan, Ethiopean comedian; Billy Emerson, M. J. Closki, J. S. Clarke, and Harry Talbott, appear nightly in an "olio poddria of corkographicalities." How's that for a dictionary selection? Willis Armstrong does the jugglery acts. The fascinating Md'lles Augusta and Marie will commence going through their poetry of motion this (Tuesday) evening, Jan. 6.

We are extremely sorry to state that Miss Julia Mortimer, the fine songstress, is very ill at Philadelphia. Let us hope that her sickness is not serious, but that she may soon be able to re-appear on the stage to which she was always so great an ornament.

The Canterbury and the New Canterbury, Philadelphia, are running a strong opposition, the one at five and the other at fifteen cents. Both have large companies, and a hard feeling seems to exist between them. The Canterbury will bring out new stars this week.

The Continental's houses have been very large, and the number of its patrons are on the increase. Mr. Aims is a "tandem" team, and manages this large Philadelphia house with great tact.

At Fox's Casino, Philadelphia, there have been many changes. Mr. Yates and lady have gone to Washington, and their places have been in a measure supplied by Miss Annie Chester, a lady of beautiful figure, and of fine qualities as a danseuse. Miss Julia Marsh has vamosed, and Fattie Stewart has returned. Mr. Deverell will probably go as flutist for the new Theatre. Mark Hassler cannot get a more competent one.

Louisa Payne has yielded her Philadelphia Varieties to Mr. Grusser, who now gives a fair show.....Long's Varieties has lost Fanny Gilmore, who has gone to Lancaster.....Sarah Duval has been very ill, but has recovered sufficiently to sing again.

Washington Varieties is doing the best business it has done since its opening. During the past week it has been crammed, and Kitty O'Neil has been drawing like a loadstone. She has had the best reception in Washington that she has had in this country. She has a new comic song, "Miss Judy Barlow," which sets the audience roaring with laughter. Mdlle. Zoe is also there, and is much admired for her chaste and graceful dancing. Sam Long also made his first appearance there on Dec. 29, and is considered one of the best comic singers of the day.....Hernandez, and his pantomime troupe, were to leave there on Saturday.....Eva Brent, and Ward, the cloud swing performer, commence there Monday, Jan. 5.....Mr. Pilgrim now takes entire control of the stage and general business.

At the Melodeon, Milwaukee, the following performers were on last week:—Kate Clare, W. La Conta, R. A. Lindley, Billy Roche, Sig. Ferrelo, and "polite lady waiters." Ten cents a pop is the charge to go in.

The music hall at Helena, Arkansas, must be doing a very lively trade, for our last advices represent that there were over 30,000 troops there, also from six to eight gunboats, and twenty steamboats. The "Sable Harmonists," performing at the hall, are more harmonious than ever, since business began to look up.

"The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea," somebody said or wrote "long, long ago?" but the "animiles" have not got to Lea's Melodeon, in Baltimore, yet; for there, wealth, fashion, and beauty congregate nightly to gratify the senses of sight and hearing, by looking on and listening to the fascinating songs, dances, etc.

There is one great nuisance at music halls which ought to be at once abated, and that is, the persistent encoring of almost everything and everybody on the bill. To be sure, performers are pleased with the compliment of an *encore*, but they do not care to be called out three and four times whenever their turn to sing or dance comes around. It is most too much of a good thing, and is annoying to both performer and audience. This calling out business is generally done by a number of admirers of this or that performer, and creates a spirit of rivalry and bad feeling on the stage as well as off. It frequently leads to quarrels, and sometimes to something worse. Quite a disturbance recently occurred at Gilbert's Melodeon, San Francisco, on account of the persistent encoring of Miss Nora Rosa by a part of the audience. On her *fourth* appearance, another part of the audience hissed, and a row followed, ending in the arrest of several of the parties concerned. Would it not be wise to tone down this encore nuisance, and give the performers a little rest? Think of it, friends.

They have a grade of prices of admittance at the Continental Music Hall, Philadelphia, which suits all classes, high and low, rich and poor. Let us see how they run:—Gallery, 10 cents; colored gallery, 15 cts.; colored boxes, 25 cts.; parquet, 25 cts.; orchestra chairs, 37 cts.; seats in private boxes, 50 cts.; upper private boxes, $2,00; lower private boxes, $3,00. Here's a chance for all, both great and small.

A free concert saloon has been started in Milwaukee, in a basement, with lager bier and waiter-girl accompaniment. The company is composed of Mr. Clark Wells and family, Miss Marion Webster, singer, and old Charley Abbot, formerly of the old Christy Minstrels, as violinist. The proprietor's name is Ryan.

Cadwell's Music Hall, in Milwaukee, continues to do well. Ida and Rosa Duval will remain there three weeks longer.

"Parker's Varieties and Shelley's Opera Troupe" occupy Frederick, Md. Manager Shelley continues to sacrifice himself for the public good, and with his present combination gives a very good "bill of fair" ladies and music; but the receipts, we regret to hear, are not as lively as they would be if the paymaster would only make *his* first appearance there. Why, even the patients in the hospitals have not received a cent of pay for six months, and if ever a soldier *needs* money, it is when he is sick, and in want of some little dainty which even the noble Sanitary Commission does not furnish. Let the already well-paid contractors hold up a little, while the soldiers get a chance at the greenbacks. Father Abraham should see to it that the paymaster looks in at Frederick, "just once."

Agnes Sutherland, the Scottish Nightingale, has just terminated an engagement of four months at the Canterbury, Washington, D. C., and will be disengaged in a few days, when managers can secure her services. See advertisement.

Capt. Smith had a benefit at Tweddle Hall, Albany, on New Year's night, and a good house and fair performance resulted.

Mr. Bradford was unable to make anything out of the Olympic, Philadelphia, and it is once more closed as a music hall.

Nelly Howard, the celebrated female jig dancer, will appear at Lea's Melodeon, Baltimore, on the 12th.

NEGRO MINTSRELSY.

Parties wishing to engage an agent for a minstrel troupe, or a minstrel performer, are requested to drop a line to Fred. Harrison, Binghamton, New York.

It is rumored that Buckley's Serenaders intend to locate permanently in Boston, and that they will open a new opera house there early in February. In the meantime, the troupe will perform in New York, and perhaps in other cities. The hall formerly occupied by them in Boston, will shortly be opened as a vaudeville theatre by Mrs. English.

Mike Shea, jig dancer, formerly a New York boy, is in Binghamton, N. Y., having just returned from Washington, where he has been "heeling it" for Phelps, of the Varieties.

Sam Sharpley's Minstrels are rushing things in the Eastern States, and Sam is trying the efficacy of printer's ink with a lavish hand. His bills are now up in four different States, viz: in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, and he don't shirk the Eastern newspapers either. In billing, he spreads twenty-three different kinds of bills, the cost for which, we are told, is $300 per week. And the best of it is, Sam finds the "ink" a profitable investment, and so would "any other man." Sharpley's Minstrels began the New Year at Portland, Me., where they received calls which brought to their treasury nearly $400. Of course, it was a holiday night, but "that's no matter," for holiday money is as legitimate as our very popular greenbacks. They finished the week out at Portland, and this week start on the back track, performing at Portsmouth, N. H., on the 5th and 6th; Manchester, 7th and 8th, Nashua, 9th, and Lowell, Mass., on the 10th. We might here take occasion to mention the favor with which the name of Gen. McClellan is received whenever mentioned by our minstrel friends. From Buffalo to Portland, even in the strongest abolition towns of Massachusetts, the merest allusion to Little Mac is hailed with the greatest enthusiasm. Go in "Iron Clads," and may you all have a "gay and happy" New Year.

We regret that our minstrel friends are not doing a very good business in New Orleans. Duprez & Green's Minstrels still remain at the Academy, but trade was only moderate at last advices, date of Dec. 21. The holidays, we hope, improved matters. Moderate business at the Academy, however, would be looked upon as large in many places, and the boys are doing about as well as they would do North; they will probably see the winter through at New Orleans. When they close there, they will visit Cuba on their return homeward. Duprez & Green's company were all well, with the expection of Gustave Bidaux, who was quite ill, and unable to do anything for five days previous to the date of our correspondent's letter. At one time it was'nt a sure thing that poor Gustave would'nt peg out. He is getting better now, we hear. The company is well liked, so far, and if money was a little easier in New Orleans, a snug business would be done.

In the midst of war and rumors of war at Columbus, Ohio, something of the amusement sort occasionally drops in to distract attention from the cares of every day rumors. Arlington, Leon & Donniker's Minstrels, looked in at Columbus on the 30th and 31st of December, and were rewarded with good houses. They were liked.

Campbell's Minstrels, from Palace Music Hall, New York, "went through" in time to Chicago, and opened at the Dearborn Street Opera House, on Christmas eve, the receipts being $250. On Christmas night they did still better, and nearly $300 was "in." On the 26th, the house was filled to its utmost capacity. George Gray, Ned Davis, J. H. Clifford, Eddy, and our old friend, M. C. Campbell, the manager, had been well received, and were nightly growing in favor. The hall is a pretty little place, about the size of Bryants before the late alterations; it is well lighted, seats cushioned, stage 30 feet wide by 18 deep, well found in scenery, etc., and altogether is a snug little *bijou* of a place. The Campbells seem to please the good people of the Garden City, who say the troupe is among the best they have ever had there. A new quickstep, performed by the brass band at the end of the first part of the entertainment, is said te be very fine. The Campbells will remain there three weeks certain; and it may be, much longer. We are truly glad to hear such good reports of the boys, and trust their present prosperity may continue.

Frank Dobson, the banjo player, is in Baltimore, giving lessons of instruction on "de old Cremona."

Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge's Troupe are drawing immense houses in Boston, which is perfectly right, considering that Artemus Ward has said they were the best troupe he ever saw. A "New Yorker" in Boston says:—The elegant pantomime entitled the "Magic Horn" is presented with scenery, costumes, tricks, and appointments, which would be creditable to the managers of any of our larger theatres. Mr. Carroll is the harlequin, and Mr. Queen the Columbine, both of which characters are rendered with much artistic skill. Billy Morris as Golightly the fop, is irresistibly amusing, but the clown of Lon Morris is something above the usual rendition of that character. In action, dress and agility, his portrayal is said to be the best ever witnessed on the Boston stage. The house is densely packed long before the rising of the curtain. This company has commenced to give afternoon performances on Saturdays. Notwithstanding the immense competition in the show business in Boston at present, this temple suffers no diminution in the number or character of its audiences.

Wood's Minstrels, the Shaw party, gave two of their performances at Zanesville, O., Dec. 29th, 30th, and were to open in Wheeling, Va., on the 31st, and in Pittsburgh, Pa., January 6th. The company now comprises the following performers:—Billy Palmer, M. Hans, Tim Woodruff, Gus Shaw, Billy Sweatman, Frank Berger, Frank Wilson, C. W. Morgan, Ferd. Rheinholt, W. Scovan, M. Miller, C. Cook, Master Willie, and Phil. Diepeubach, being one of the largest companies travelling.

A party assuming the name of "Wood's Minstrels" have been showing in towns adjacent to Boston during the holidays. In the party are W. H. Brockway and George Ball. H. Sprague is their agent.

Hooley's Minstrels, at their Opera House, Brooklyn, were favored with more New Year's calls than they well knew what do with, for almost everybody reserved this popular hall as "a good thing to do," as a finale to "the day we celebrate." Brother Beecher did well, but Brother Hooley knocked him sky high, "as it were," nobody hurt on either side. Wm. H. Lewis, the contralto vocalist, is soon to take a benefit at this house (not Beecher's,) and as it will be the first time in some years, we trust he may have a crowder. Several new burlesques and comic acts have been added to keep pace with the times. This secret of frequent change of programme has made Hooley's Minstrels "a fixed fact."

CIRCUSES.

Henri Rollande, acrobat and gymnast, is a plagiarist of the worst description. A few weeks ago he sent us a piece of poetry, founded, as he said, "on an incident in the present American Rebellion." "These lines," he went on to say, were "written impromptu, and having never before appeared in print, are respectfully inscribed to Uncle Sam Miller, Esq., of Philadelphia, by his sincere friend, Henri Rollande, of the celebrated gymnasts, the brothers Guillaume and Henri Rollande." The piece was entitled the "Two Soldiers," and though the lines *seemed* familiar to us, we took Mr. Henri Rollande's word that they had been written impromptu, and had never before appeared in print, and published them in the CLIPPER dated Dec. 20. A correspondent in Quincy, Ill., at once pronounced Henri Rollande a plagiarist and falsifier, and informed us that he, the correspondent, had in his possession an annual published in 1835, containing the poem claimed as having been written by Henri Rollande. Another correspondent, in Philadelphia, sends us a leaf cut from the "Young Ladies' Class Book," and on this leaf is the identical poem, word for word, sent us as original by the "celebrated gymnast, Henri Rollande." In the "Young Ladies' Class Book," the poem is called "The Sword," written by Miss Landon many years ago. What excuse this Rollande can have for practising such deceit upon us, and upon the readers of the CLIPPER, we know not. Whether he is used to this sort of business, we cannot say; we presume he is. If his "gymnastic abilities" are in keeping with his "literary efforts," they must be of a very weak and deceptive character, and will not be able long to stand the test of public scrutiny. Such imposition may very readily be practiced upon the editor of any paper, but the readers of the CLIPPER are too numerous and wide spread to permit such fraud to escape ultimate detection. "Uncle Sam Miller," of Philadelphia, to whom this Rollande has dedicated "his poem," has our sympathies in his "sad bereavement."

George Woodruff, who has arrived safe in Philadelphia, expresses his heartfelt thanks to the proprietors and members of Mabie's Circus, now in Chicago, for their many acts of kindness to him since he met with the accident which disabled him. Read his card in our advertising department.

John Wilson, the great California circus manager, has accumulated the snug fortune of $100,000. A correspondent in San Francisco says that Mr. Wilson proposes to invest in an operatic speculation, in connection with Manager Tibbetts, of the Metropolitan, San Francisco.

Sebastian, the bare-back rider, and the Orrin family of acrobats and gymnasts, were at last accounts traveling in Los Angelos, on their own account. When last heard from, they were doing very well.

W. T. Aymar, the circus man, has come into a streak of luck, if we are to credit the latest reports from California. It is stated that the will of the late Sarah Batchelder, made at Lima, Peru, and certified to by the U. S. Consul at Callao, on the 9th of October last, has been filed for probate. It bequeaths to her mother certain monies in the hands of a friend in Nashville, Tennessee, and gives the balance of her property, including her house at 829 Clay street, San Francisco, to William T. Aymar and his wife, in consideration of their care and kindness during her last illness. Aymar is made sole executor, and required to bring her body to San Francisco, to be buried beside that of her deceased sister Amanda, the name, age, and date of death of each, to be recorded upon the same monument. Aymar left California about a year and a half ago, with Dr. Bassett's circus, and is well known both in California and the Eastern States.

Frank Whittaker, equestrian director and master of the whip, and a capital one, too, fell on the ice in Philadelphia a short time ago, and broke one of his arms. A benefit is being arranged for him at Gardner & Hemming's Circus, when a host of volunteers will perform, and Frank may have an opportunity to see a *few* of his friends, for no doubt the house will be crowded.

The Brooklyn Arena did a fair business during the holiday week, and had a crowd present on New Year's day. We hope the Brooklynites will sustain this capital place of equestrian performances. A reduction has been made in the price of admission.

Charley Shay, and his trained tan-terrier Fanny, appear at Gardner & Hemming's Amphitheatre, Philadelphia, this week.

From California we learn that letters have been received in Sacramento, which state that John R. Marshall, formerly of the circus firm of Lee & Marshall, and more recently proprietor of a Melodeon in Sacramento, also proprietor of the National Theatre Melodeon on Commercial street, San Francisco, has met with a severe loss. At Walla Walla, in Oregon, W. Peoples and two others were being hung by a mob, and Marshall went to the rescue of Peoples. Shooting took place, and Marshall was shot four or five times—his arms being so shattered that both must be amputated. Full particulars are not given.

MISCELLANEOUS.

After the first few performances given by the children under the direction of Messrs. Geo. Sheldon and Hood, at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, the spectacle of Cinderella failed to draw, and the speculation, taken all in all, has been unsuccessful. It was rather bunglingly got up, and disappointed those who attended.

Barnum's new establishment in Boston continues to do well, but if it was not for the various curiosities the place would not take. If the dramatic performances formed the only attraction, Barnum would very likely be out of pocket and out of Boston before Feb. 1.

Madame Anna Bishop was announced to hold forth on the 4th of January, *Sunday*, at the Boston Music Hall. Tickets, 25 and 50 cents, and no theatrical performances at the theatres in Boston on Saturday nights. The world moves on its axles, and so does the "hub."

The Carter Zouave Troupe were in Steubenville, O., commencing 29th ult.

The Alleghanian Bell Ringers, open in Zanesville, O., on the 6th January.

Frank Rivers' Melodeon Troupe have been entertaining the Michiganders, and this week show in Illinois, opening in Chicago, on the 5th of January. On the 20th and 22d Dec., they were at Niles, doing well on the first night; but, on the second, "letting down" a little. They were at Jackson on the 23d, Marshall 24th, Kalamazoo 25th and 26th, Niles 27th, etc. They will remain in Chicago during the present week, and then proceed to Madison and Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The performances are said to be quite entertaining, and the dancing of the Misses Moutjoy and Johnson really good. A. C. Stone and H. T. Mudge execute a double clog hornpipe, clean and neat. Stone is a pupil of Johnny Booker, who first introduced him to the stage.

The Hanlon Brothers were expected to open in Lima, Peru, Dec. 23d. By a letter from Mr. M. L. Finch (their agent), now before us, and dated Lima, Dec. 13, we learn that Mr. F. had preceded the brothers, in order to make arrangements for their appearance in Lima, which place he reached by the steamer Peru, on the 12th of December. The Hanlons were playing to crowded houses in Valparaiso at the date of his departure, Dec. 2d, and their engagement there was to close on the 10th, when they would immediately sail for Lima. They have done a splendid business wherever they have appeared, and have met with quite an ovation in their tour in South America. We are glad to record the success of these unassuming young men, and artistic performers.

M. Louis Arnot's Kaleidescope is exhibiting at Binghamton, N. Y., to excellent houses, giving matinees Wednesday and Saturday afternoons for children and others.

A Jubilee Concert, to celebrate "Emancipation Day," was given at Music Hall, Boston, on the 1st inst., under the direction of a committee including Prof. Longfellow, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and others. The instrumental music was "done" by Carl Zerrahn's Philharmonic Orchestra.

Father Gulick's Old Folks had a pleasant time in New Jersey, fetching up last week at Camden, opposite Philadelphia. Among these old-fashioned sinners—beg pardon, singers—are the Paige sisters, Miss Georgiana and Emilie. These are well-read Pages, and as balladists, are said to be remarkably clever. Father Gulick now takes his old companions westward, through Pennsylvania.

Carter's Zouave Troupe, who met with such a favorable reception in Indianapolis, Ind., have been equally well received in Zanesville, Ohio, where they were performing during Christmas week. Their last entertainment there was as largely attended as their opening, and but for engagements previously entered into to appear elsewhere, they could have done a fine business for some time longer. In another part of the CLIPPER will be found notices of the Carter Zouaves, taken from Indianapolis and Zanesville papers.

In consequence of the death of a brother of Col. T. Allston Brown, that gentlemun was obliged to throw up his engagement with Mr. Nixon. Having attended to the last sad duties devolving upon him in the interment of the remains of his deceased brother in Newburyport, Mass., Col. Brown is now at leisure, and will be happy to connect himself as business agent or treasurer, with any theatre in the country, or traveling agent for any kind of exhibition. See advertisement.

Joseph Ghio, the Swiss Warbler, in a letter dated San Francisco, Dec. 6, says:—"DEAR CLIPPER:—I drop you a few lines before our departure from California for Australia, which takes place to-morrow, Dec. 7, on the barque Gertrude, bound to Sydney. I take with me my wife, the Bearded Lady, and Little Esau. We have concluded a very satisfactory engagement with Mr. John Wilson, and we are going to Australia on our own hook. In California we have been quite successful. We exhibited here ten weeks, and traveled all over the State, and in Nevada Territory. We intend to stay in Australia two years, and then, if nothing happens, return to New-York, where we shall be happy to meet our old friends again. Hoping to read the ever welcome little CLIPPER on our arrival in Australia, I remain

Yours truly, JOSEPH GHIO, Swiss Warbler.

In a recent notice of Heller's non-appearance at Brantford, C. W., as advertised, we stated the cause to be "empty benches." Now, in justice to the people of Brantford, who are as ready to support a good "show" as any other town in Canada, we should state the cause of the empty benches, which was as follows: Heller's agent did not bill Brantford until Thursday night, and did not advertise, although Heller appeared the next night. If Heller or "any other (good) man" gives Brantford a fair show, they need never fear that the people will "go back on them," as Frank Rivers, Anderson, and many others can testify.

A showman named Charles A. Shaw, and known in the Eastern States as the "Barnum of Down East," has been visited by one of our correspondents, F. B., at Biddeford, Me., and a few mems. concerning the showman forwarded to us. We have been compelled, however, for the want of space, to abridge the article. Our correspondent, who dates at Portland, Me., says:—"On my way hither, I stopped over a day at Biddeford, Me., where I made the acquaintance of Charles A. Shaw, known hereabouts as the Barnum of Down East, and also picked up many items, which were new to me, concerning shows, showmen, and the show business generally, which I will give you some time if opportunity offers. Shaw is decidedly a genius of the first water, and here let me say to all the fraternity, whenever you go to Maine, be sure and give him a call. It won't take you long to find him; he is the prince of good fellows, and will treat you like a king. Charley has been in nearly all branches of mechanical business, but nothing took his attention till he got into the show business. He bought the panorama of Pilgrim's Progress; then the panorama of Uncle Tom's Cabin, and the Life of Christ, all of which he now owns, and has run them all over the country; became interested in a circus; bought a small caravan, etc. He now owns largely in two circuses, and is interested in any quantity of other shows. He has been to Europe several times, and has probably traveled more extensively in both countries than nearly any man of his age. While at his residence, he showed me autograph letters from John Bright, Charles Dickens, and Bulwer, who are under engagements to him to come across the water, and deliver a series of lectures in this country should our little war ever end. Bright may come, war or no war, but probably not until after the little mill is over. Artemus Ward became popular as a writer. Charley saw money in him as a lecturer, and immediately engaged him at a large salary per night, for seventy-five consecutive nights, rain or shine, Sundays excepted, and A. Ward assured me that he was put through *big*. Probably no other lecturer in the country ever lectured so many nights in succession, or drew larger houses, than he did during that time. Shaw says he will draw better than any lecturer in the country any way, and that he can make more money by taking Adah Isaacs Menken or Kate Fisher to England and Australia, than could be made out of any other talent in the country, which I think shows that he is sensible to the last. Charley is only twenty-eight now, owns the best residence in the city, and keeps the best team, and is rated among the *heaviest men* of his town as far as concerns the *rocks*. If he should live long enough, he will undoubtedly make his mark as a showman."

The second season of the Young Men's Institute, New Haven, Conn., opens soon with the following performers, who will appear on the boards of Music Hall:—Dr. McGowan, heavy, two appearances; Rev. Beecher, walking gent; Geo. Vandenhoff, juvenile; L. F. Tasistro, utility; Oliver Wendell Holmes, high coming with others of the first class talent."

Woodroffe's Bohemian Troupe of Glass Blowers are in Philadelphia, at the Assembly Buildings.

Mason Jones is to "talk," on the 12th, at Tremont Temple, Boston, and Henry Ward Beecher steps in at the Music Hall, on the 13th, for one night only.

MISS JENNIE HIGHT.

From the Chicago Post, Dec. 25.

MISS HIGHT, the favorite *danseuse* of McVicker's, had a brilliant benefit last night, a large and fashionable audience being in attendance, which, with the generous applause that greeted the fair beneficiary, were deserved and appreciative testimonials of the ability of the young artiste. Her performance of Josephine was warmly applauded, and was entirely perfect.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE SISTERS.

From the (Indianapolis, Ind.,) Daily Sentinel.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE SISTERS.—The audience at the attractive entertainments at Masonic Hall continue to increase as the witching little band becomes better known. There is a grace and poetry in their movements that has rarely, if ever, been equalled by children of their years. Their Chinese dance and their Zouave drill is the very perfection of exact and regular movement. Old soldiers wonder how it is possible to handle their tiny muskets with such lightning rapidity as they do, and we heard several old drill masters assert that it would be utterly impossible for a company of men to stack arms as rapidly, or move with the celerity of the misses. The other portions of the entertainment are also really good, and the show is well worthy of the patronage it receives.

From the (Zanesville, Ohio,) Daily Courier, Dec, 26.

CARTER ZOUAVES.—Odd Fellows' Hall was again thronged last evening with our citizens. No troupe for years has suddenly and deservedly become so popular in this city as the Zouave Sisters. Nothing that we can say can add one jot to their reputation here.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

The mails from Europe not arriving until the 5th, the day we go to press, we must be brief, but to the point, with our foreign summary.....George Lawrence, who calls himself the "English, Irish, Scotch, and American vocalist," was performing in the British provinces.....G. V. Brooke was to take his farewell benefit at the City of London Theatre, on the 22d December.....Mr. Sothern's benefit was fixed for Dec. 23, at the Haymarket, London, where he has been performing Dundreary for *one year*. In addition to Dundreary, Mr. Sothern was to appear in "A Regular Fix," as Hugh de Brass.....Miss Edith Palmerston is giving entertainments in London, giving very clever imitations of Mrs. Barney Williams, and others.....Miss Avonia Jones' benefit at the Adelphi, London, was not very largely attended.....Tom Sayers was to make his appearance on the stage at the Britania, on Dec. 22, on the occasion of Mrs. S. Lane's annual benefit .....Dumont, the young actor charged with an attempt to murder M. Franck, another actor, of the Theatre Mont-Parnasse, on July 6, was acquitted of that charge, but found guilty of wilfully wounding, and was sentenced to four years' imprisonment.....Pantomimes for Boxing Night and the Christmas holidays were being prepared all over England. In London, almost every place has its new pantomime, with its curiously sounding title. The following is a list:—Royal English Opera—"Harlequin Beauty and the Beast, or the Gnome Queen and the Good Fairy." Drury Lane—"Little Goody Two Shoes, or Harlequin and Cock Robin." Haymarket—"Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia." The Princess's—"Prince Riquet with the Tuft, or Harlequin and Old Mother Shipton." St. James's—"Goldenhair the Good." Olympic—"Robin Hood." Boucicault's Astley's—"Lady Bird, or Harlequin Lord Dundreary." The Strand—"Ivanhoe, in Accordance with the Spirit of the Times." Adelphi—"George Barnwell." Sadler's Wells—"The Rose of Blarney, or Harlequin Dannyman, or Any Other Man." The Surrey—"Harlequin Old Mother Goose, or the Queen of Hearts that Made some Tarts, and the Knave of Hearts who Stole them." New Royalty—"Harlequin Humpty Dumpty, or Simple Simon and the Maiden Blueize and the Fairies of the Silver Dell." Victoria—"Edward, the Black Prince, or Harlequin and the Magic Feathers." City of London—"Harlequin Sing a Song of Sixpence, a Pocket Full of Rye, Four-and-Twenty Blackbirds Baked in a Pie." Marylebone—"King Hal, the Bluff, Anne Boleyn, the Fair; or Harlequin Herne the Hunter, and the Good Little Fairies of the Silver Ferns." The Queen's—"Harlequin Kenilworth, or the Golden Days of Good Queen Bess." Britannia—"Abban Hassan, the Sleeper of Bagdad, or the Fairy Elves of the Enchanted Mosque." Standard—"Cherry and Fair Star, or Harlequin and the Dancing Waters, the Singing Apple, and the Little Green Talking Bird." Pavilion—"King Sillyninny, who Sold his Wife for Half a Guinea, or Harlequin and the Enchanted Princess." Royal Grecian—"Harlequin Number Nip, or the Spider and the Fly." Effingham—"Harlequin and the Enchanted Prince, or the Fairy of the Magic Grove and the Three Rummy Brothers of Bagdad." Garrick—"The Boy in Blue, and the Little Girl with Heart so True; or Harlequin and the Fairies at the Silver Fountain." Truly a formidable list of holiday attractions.....Charley Keith, an English clown, styles himself the "great comic clown." That's right, nothing like letting us know when a clown *is* comic.....John Clark, offers to back his brother Alfred to ride over five barred gates, against H.W. Cooke. .....W. C. P. Wallford, "American vocalist," and Mrs. Wallford, "late Madame Unsworth," were singing in Liverpool.....A fire broke out in a house close to the Adelphi, London, on the 15th Dec., and the audience had to be dismissed, but the theatre did not take fire.....A letter from Warsaw states that the Polish portion of the population, particularly the ladies, keep aloof from the theatre, notwithstanding the attractions presented. A political demonstration is implied in this abstention.....Sivori, the celebrated violinist, the pupil and friend of Paganini, is creating a *furore* in Munich.....Dion Boucicault is out in "a card," in reference to improvements in the ventilation, etc., of theatres.

MAT. CASSIDY AND YOUNG GILDERSLEEVE'S FIVE MILE RACE—MAT. THE WINNING MAN.—The challenge and counter-challenge that appeared lately in our paper from these two somewhat noted runners, resulted in a match being made to run five miles on Monday, Dec. 29, supposed to be for $200 a side. We are in blissful ignorance about the spondulicks, where it was put up, who posted it, or anything about the finances—still, for all that, it may be all right. If Mat. got four hundred dollars, he ought to consider himself very lucky these times. We know the race came off, however, and as that is the most interesting, we put it on the record for future reference. Elm Park, Bloomingdale Road and Seventy-first street, was the trysting ground, and they ran on the inclosed track, half mile round. A pretty good crowd were present, considering the dark manner preliminaries were managed, and at half past three they started on their journey, Cassidy wearing a white flannel shirt, Gil. merely a cover for the hips and thighs, and a checked body vest. They had to go round the course ten times, Cassidy taking the lead in all but three of the half miles, and winning by a full quarter, in a little over thirty minutes. According to Gildersleeve's statement, he seems to have been under the impression that he had to run another mile, and was reserving his steam till the last; he also ran round the course once more, to show that his wind was still good, and that he had better speed in him than he exhibited in any of the previous circuits. Presuming this to be really so, we suppose another match will be demanded for "satisfaction," when Gildersleeve will probably be in better trim.

A BRAVE SOLDIER WOUNDED.—Brig. Gen. Alf. Sully, of the First Minnesota, was shot pretty badly in the leg, at the late Fredericksburg disaster. His regiment behaved nobly in that ever-to-be-remembered slaughter, but escaped without losing a man. Some fifteen were slightly wounded.

BILLIARDS FOR SOAP.—A billiard match for £200 was played in London, Eng., on the 18th ult., between Moss, of Manchester, and Hitchen, of London, the latter giving 200 points in 1000. Moss won by 223 points.

A MERRIE MILL, between Dick Fellows and J. Cook, took place at Rubury, Worcestershire, Eng., for £20, on Dec. 16. Dick won in 8 rounds, occupying 12 minutes. Short and Sweet. Details in our next.

A trot took place in England on Jan. 17, for £25 a side, three miles in harness, between Mr. Holt's bay pony, and Mr. Woodhouse's black mare, which was won by the pony. "Johnny McDonald," with his handsome pony, was there.

TO FANCIERS OF THE GAME FOWL AND POULTRY BREEDERS GENERALLY.

I have on hand and for sale, a very fine lot of Stags and Pullets (bred from my Imported Game Fowls) that were hatched in March. The Stags are all dubbed and in good heart, and as the Pullets are about commencing to lay, it would be desirable for purchasers to make early application. Some of the Stags are six and a half pounds already, and would make a most capital cross where size is desired.

JNO. R. ASHFORD,
39-8t 607 Callowhill street, Philadelphia.

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS of Hogarth's celebrated Pictures of BEFORE and AFTER, 25 cts each. Also, his design for the Lid of a SNUFF BOX. Price 25 cents each, and sent post paid, by J. N. COX, 84 Nassau street, N. Y. 39-1t*

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS, all kinds, sent post paid, for

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

From Sporting Life, Dec. 13.

GALLANT MILL AT MANCHESTER,

BETWEEN

RICHARDS AND LYONS,

For £30.

On Wednesday, Dec. 10, about 200 persons left Manchester, and proceeded to "Flash Bar," a distance of thirty-one miles, being the celebrated spot where Norley and Horridge, Robinson and Peach, Black Joe and S. Oates, and several other ring celebrities fought their battles without "let or hindrance;" but, however severe these contests may have been, we may say, without fear of contradiction, that a more determined mill than the one which took place on Dec. 10, between Geo. Richards and J. Lyons, for £15 a side, catch weight, has seldom been witnessed. Richards, who is turned twenty-one years of age, had taken up his quarters with Mr. Fox, of Foundry-street. He had previously figured three times in the ring. His first essay resulted in the defeat of Lankey. He next beat Sloane, in ten rounds, 15 min. He then met and again defeated J. Lankey, in 1 hour 45 min., 102 rounds. But his opponent, Lyons, made his maiden appearance in this fight. He is a fine young fellow, turned twenty years of age, and about 8lb lighter than his antagonist. Lyons was "prepared" at the "sporting drum" of Mr. Geo. Hardy, the Rising Sun, Shude Hill, which place the night before was literally besieged by the fancy, eager to know the whereabouts. On arriving at the place appointed, the ropes and stakes were soon pitched. The well-known "Swankey Greaves" was chosen referee. Lyons was the first to shy his cap in the ring. Richards soon followed, and won the toss, and at once chose the higher ground, which was certainly a great advantage. Lyons' corner soon became a complete puddle, from the heavy rain which fell during the whole of the previous night. Lyons had Bill Ferguson for one of his attendants, while Tim Brunnan and Harry Carter undertook the like office for Richards.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Before commencing operations, the combatants betted a "fiver" on the event, and what speculation took place among those present was at evens. On the men disrobing, and the seconds returning to their corners, Richards looked the stronger man; still, Lyons seemed as lively as a cat. At twenty minutes to twelve o'clock, the men shook hands, and placed themselves in attitude. Richards soon let out, but was short; quick exchanges, Richards drawing first blood, when Lyons threw him.

2. Lyons came up with his month bleeding; Richards dashed at him, but received on the chest, when Richards closed and threw his opponent.

3. Both men looked as if they meant mischief. Lyons landed a smasher on the right eye, which told a tale. Offers of 2 to 1 on Lyons, with no takers.

4. Richards came up with a great gash over his eye. He let out with his right, but was short; a close, when Lyons threw him.

5. No sooner up than both closed, when Lyons was down.

6. Richards first up to the call of time, and just missed a well-intended blow at the craninm, when they went at it ding dong to the ropes, and Richards got down.

7. Lyons let fly on the ribs, Richards on the chest: Lyons ran round the ring laughing; at length, Richards caught him a teaser on the eye. Smart exchanges on the ribs; Lyons planted on Richards' right eye, when Richards threw him.

8. Lyons came up smiling, without a mark, but received a warm one from Richards on the head, which was returned with interest by Lyons, who landed a cracker on the *old* eye, and Richards got down.

9. Richards delivered heavily on the body, when sharp exchanges took place, and Lyons fell down from the slippery state of the ground.

10. Lyons got up first; sparring for wind; Richards delivered a stinger on the body, which sent Lyons staggering onto the ropes. They renewed the fighting, when Lyons landed another on the old gash over the eye.

11. Richards caught his man a smack on the ribs, which sent Lyons backwards to the ropes. In retreating, Richards napped another on the old spot over the eye, and Lyons then got down.

12. Sparring for wind. Richards went in one, two, three; Lyons then landed another on the *other* eye. Lyons down in his corner.

13. Lyons first up; hard fighting; Richards napped it warmly on the nose, after which he threw Lyons.

14. Lyons sent out another on the nose, and then threw Richards.

15. Richards came up with the frontispiece looking rather "queer." He landed a severe body blow; heavy exchanges, when Richards threw Lyons.

16. Richards delivered on the ribs; first knock-down blow for Richards. Claimed and allowed.

17. Richards first up to time, when he let out and caught Lyons on the body, Lyons down.

18. Richards got a smasher on the nose, when they closed, Lyons down.

19. This round was all in favor of Lyons. Time, 29 min.

20. Lyons hit out, but was short; he then caught Richards on the nose; hard fighting, when Richards threw him.

21. Lyons let out, but was stopped. Richards then sent home a body blow. Lyons landed on the nose, when they closed and fought to the ropes, and Richards threw Lyons heavily.

22. Richards, who came up with the right eye fast closing, let out at Lyons, but was short; they then closed. Lyons down.

23. Richards let fly on the ribs, Lyons on the nose; ding-dong exchanges, and both down; Richards bleeding profusely.

24. Lyons came up first with his left eye going up. Richards planted one on the chin, again on the ribs, and then threw Lyons cleverly. Time, 40 min. Betting even on Richards.

25. Lyons sent out a shot at Richards' mouth, cutting it severely, when he fell down from the slippery state of the ground, and walked to his corner, Richards bleeding profusely. (Loud cheers for Lyons.)

26. Good rally, when Richards threw Lyons over the ropes.

27. Lyons came up with his left eye nearly closed. Richards was short; Lyons then landed on the eye, when Richards dashed in, and threw Lyons on his head. 2 to 1 offered on Richards.

28. Richards first up; Lyons let fly on the nose, receiving on the body, when Richards threw him over the ropes.

29. Richards landed on the eye; Lyons down.

30. Richards came up with both eyes fast closing, when Lyons delivered heavily, and fell from the force of his own blow. Time, 50 min.

31. Lyons on the right cheek, when Richards caught him on the ribs, knocking him clean off his pins.

32. Richards landed on Lyons' cheek; another knock-down blow. (Loud cheers for Richards.) An appeal was made to the referee to have the men's hands washed; but his fiat was, "fight on."

33 to 47. Give and take was the order of the day during all these rounds, each going down alternately.

48. Richards came up almost blind; Lyons missed a vicious hit, when Richards caught him, and held him on the ropes for a length of time, until the referee ordered them to be separated.

49. Richards got on the nose warmly, when Lyons bored him down.

50. Richards came up strong, but quite blind, when Lyons caught him a tremendous blow on the mouth, from the force of which he fell himself. (Loud cheers for Lyons.) Time, 1 hour 15 min.

51 to 61. Richards fought as game as a lion, though quite blind, but still the stronger man. At this stage of the fight, a well known sporting character on the turf lanced Richards' right eye, which gave him great relief.

62. Richards having once more "caught daylight," he landed a stinger on Lyons' nose, after which they closed, and Richards threw him over the ropes.

63. Lyons came up very "badly," having a fit of the "shivers," whilst Richards seemed by far the stronger man. Richards went at Lyons, threw him, and fell on him.

64. Richards now forced the fighting, Lyons smiling, when Richards threw him again over the ropes.

65. Lyons landed one on the nose, which again made Richards look serious. Richards closed; both men over the ropes.

66. Give and take on both sides, *the men looking badly*, when Richards threw his man over the ropes.

67. Richards gave Lyons a warmer on the eye; they closed, when Lyons fell near the ropes.

68. Lyons came up very shaky, when Richards gave him one, two, three, and Lyons slipped down.

69. A scramble to the ropes; Lyons down, quite weak.

70. Lyons, to the surprise of every one, came up as game as a pebble, and threw Richards. (Loud cheers for Lyons.)

71. Both men much distressed, when Richards dashed in and threw Lyons heavily. As one of the seconds now saw that the game Lyons had no chance, he threw up the sponge in token of defeat, after having fought one hour and forty-one minutes.

REMARKS.

It has seldom been our lot to witness a gamer mill than the above, as both men were quite blind on leaving the ring. Lyons is a clever two-handed fighter, but he requires more caution, and, with a little care, we have no doubt will be heard of to advantage ere long. Richards is a game, determined fellow, very telling with his body blows, added to which he is a first rate wrestler, and is one of the gamest bits of stuff we have ever seen. Lyons had issued a number of colors (the centre of which contains a correct likeness of the Prince of Wales,) and we understand that his friends are so satisfied with the indomitable courage he displayed in this contest, that they have determined to pay him for them the same as if he had proved victorious. The men are also to take a joint benefit on Dec. 23, at the Lord Nelson Assembly Rooms, Manchester, when it is to be hoped their friends will rally round them, and show that so genuine a display of pluck shall not go unrewarded.

MERRY MILL

BETWEEN

BILLY RYAN AND NOBBY GEORGE, FOR £10.

These men, both novices in the "art," met on Monday, December 8, to decide their differences. The match originated in a quarrel; and each man thinking himself aggrieved, they agreed to settle it in good old English fashion, for £5 a side. The meet was at a spot now becoming well-known as the scene for fistic encounters; but the blues were about, and a farther journey had to be made. A place having been found, the ring was pitched, and Ryan soon threw in his cap, attended by Mike Cooklin and Denny Sullivan, and some little time elapsed before "the Nobby one" followed suit, he having been stripped at a shed some distance off. When he did, he had for his esquires Jem Hill, of Chelsea, and Jack Drew. There was no betting on the result, and the men, having shaken hands, commenced in earnest. Ryan, who weighs about 8st, stood much the more artistic; while George, who is some 10lb heavier, stood rather wide. They had no sooner faced each other than they rattled away, each doing his utmost, but Ryan, who was much the quicker, having all the best of it. After fighting six rounds, the police again interfered, and business had to be suspended. Again a move was made, and once more the lads faced each other, and the rest they had had seemed to have made them more eager for the fray, for they commenced fighting in a most determined manner; the little one, however, taking a decided lead, but George took his gruel very gamely. In the twelfth round, Ryan gained first blood from a hit on the nose, and kept on pegging away at the sore spot, varying the operation now and then to the mark. George, although he repeatedly countered his man, still left no marks. The ring, from the wetness of the ground, had got in a most deplorable state, and the men could hardly stand to hit each other. Numerous appeals were made to the referee on the ground of Ryan going down without a blow, but the ground was so bad, that every excuse had to be made. Thus, the lads kept milling away until the end of the twenty-sixth round—time, 50 min.—when, on time being called, Nobby had to cry enough, and Ryan left the ring almost without a mark, a discoloration of the right eye being the only one visible. George, however, was heavily punished.

OFF-HANDED MILL, HOME CIRCUIT.—On Saturday, December 6, Morris, of Brighton, and Towsey, of Westminster, fought off-handed for £5 a side. Morris was seconded by Tooney Harris and Puggy White, and Towsey by Job Edwards and Old Bob Cross. Morris won the battle in thirty minutes, during which time fourteen rounds were fought. Morris got the first knock-down blow, and Towsey the first blood.

J. HOLMES (ALIAS ROUGH) OF WOLVERHAMPTON AND TOM PRICE OF BILSTON.—These men met on Monday, Dec. 8, at Dimsdale Bridge, four miles from Wolverhampton, at catch weight, for £10 a side. Holmes has figured in the Ring on two previous occasions, and was fortunate to bring both events off. He is much younger than Price, and was on the present occasion in first-rate trim. Price has repeatedly figured before, having contended with Goss, Paget, Malpas, with varied success. He has not carefully trained, and was decidedly too fleshy. A ring was quickly pitched, a referee selected, and Price, attended by E. Holden of Walsall and J. Green of Bilston, quickly entered. Holmes, who followed immediately, was waited upon by A. Meek of Wolverhampton and J. Holden of Walsall. A severe and well-contested fight ensued, pretty equal on both sides, but after forty-five minutes the want of condition of Price began to tell, and Holmes, following up his advantage, polished him off in 50 rounds, and one hour and five minutes.

YOUNG COLLINS AND "SPIDER".—A merry little fight came off on Thursday, Dec. 11, between Young Collins and Jessie Hatton's Spider, for £5 a side and a purse. Collins was seconded by Jack Hicks and Job Cobley, Spider by Jessie Hatton and Callas. After fighting one hour and twenty-five minutes, and 22 rounds, Collins was declared the winner.

From the Sporting Life, Dec. 17.

MACE AND GOSS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPORTING LIFE.

SIR:—Seeing a match emanating from Joe Goss in your columns, and money deposited to make it, from some gentleman on my behalf, I beg to say the affair is entirely without my sanction. I can only inform Goss that I will fight him for £200 and the Championship, at catch-weight, as the stakeholder states men cannot fight for the belt at a stipulated weight. As I am still Champion of England, and must defend the belt, I will fight any man in the world for £200 or £500 and the Championship. Should Goss particularly wish to fight without the belt being in, I will fight him, £600 to £400, three months after my next fight for the Championship of England. Yours obediently,

JEM MACE, Champion of England.

Circus, Nottingham, Dec. 15.

GAME MILL IN THE BIRMINGHAM DISTRICT.

On Monday morning, Dec. 15, two young Emeralders, J. Moran and Patsey Glynn, met at California (a favorite milling locality) to settle their claims, for £10, at catch weight. Moran, who on the present occasion was in no condition at all, and altogether unfit to be placed in a ring, fought a most brilliant and determined battle with Kenny, the Shoeblack, some months since, and was evidently booked as the winning man, Glynn being an untried aspirant to fistic fame. Having arrived at the selected spot before nine A. M., a ring was soon formed, when those unwelcome visitors, the "Peelers," put a stop to the "little game," and a move further on was the only resource. Having traversed some five miles, a halt was made, and a second ring was formed, into which the combatants entered without delay, and their toilets having been performed, by aid of their seconds, whose names, from prudential reasons, we reserve, they stood up for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Moran's appearance did but little credit to his training, but Glynn was remarkably well brought out. After a few minutes' sparring, Glynn commenced forcing the fighting by landing a feeler on the chest, when some very heavy exchanges succeeded, decidedly in favor of Moran, who at length landed a rattler on the left eye, which sent poor Pat to mother earth. (First knock-down for Moran.)

2. Both up lively as a lark, and bent on mischief. (6 to 4 was here offered on Moran.) After a moment's sparring, Patsey led off with a stinger on the kissing trap, from which the crimson flowed. (First blood for Glynn, balancing accounts.) For this visitation Patsey received a tremendous cut on the nose and left optic, which began to puff; and, after some very hard hitting on both sides, was again floored by a "buster" on the jaw.

3. Moran, in this round, visited Patsy's *physog* most unmercifully, and after a few more brilliant points, again floored his man in beautiful style.

4 and last. Moran now took the initiative, and got all over the dial of his adversary, who, however, was not idle, visiting the mouth and chest with telling severity. The superior tactics of Moran, nevertheless, were the theme of admiration all round the ring, and, after a splendidly fought round, he again dispatched his man to his kindred dust. On being challenged again, Moran, strange to say, refused to leave his corner; and, to the surprise of all, just as it was any odds on him, relinquished the contest, which we can only attribute to his utter want of condition, being physically incapable of prolonging the contest, notwithstanding his hitherto brilliant performances. Glynn was, accordingly, most unexpectedly proclaimed victor, after fighting exactly ten minutes. Betting: 6 to 4 on Moran.

REMARKS.

Little comment is needed on this mill. The fighting, while it lasted, was terrific, but, without doubt, greatly in favor of Moran; and, had his condition been equal to his opponent's, there could be but little doubt as to the result.

PEDESTRIANISM.

SIX MILES CHAMPIONSHIP RACE.

FASTEST TIME ON RECORD.

On Monday, Dec. 15, dense crowds of pedestrians and vehicles of every description, wended their way to the grounds of Mr. Baum, Hackney Wick, to witness the race of six miles, for £25 a side and the Champion's belt. The competitors were Teddy Mills (Young England), the holder of the belt, and J. White, of Gateshead. From the making of the match, much interest has been excited on account of the well-known merits of the men, and also from the fact of White having at one time been the holder of the same trophy, together with the four miles belt and ten miles cup. In consequence of illness, he had to resign the four and ten miles trophies. The six miles belt he, however, resolved to defend, but was defeated by two yards by Pudney, who, in turn, resigned it to "little Teddy." Deerfoot was the next challenger, and was defeated after a good race, and since then Mills has twice beaten W. Lang for it. This brings us to the contest of Monday, Dec. 15, for which White had trained himself at Garratt-lane, under the eye of George Martin, and came to the post fit to run for a man's life, though he stated that for the last few days he had suffered from a slight cold. He is just turned twenty-four years of age, stands 5ft. 2½in., and weighed, on Monday, 7st 10lb. Teddy Mills had, as usual, trained at Hackney Wick; and, as Bill Price's team is always pretty strong, Teddy had plenty of company, but up to the last fortnight had been unable to take strong running exercise, fearing that his foot might again give way. Of walking exercise he had had plenty; and, as far as condition went, was perfect. He is twenty-one years of age, stands 5ft. 4½in., and weighs nearly 9st. The time for the men to start was set for half-past three o'clock, but long before that hour, the course was encircled by a row of anxious faces. The betting opened at 6 to 4 on Mills, and soon rose, during the running, to 2 to 1 on him; but, compared with the importance of the match, very little betting took place, although the friends of the gallant little Mills were ready to go on to any amount. About three o'clock, White came on the course, accompanied by G. Martin, J. Petts, and Deerfoot; and after taking a turn or two round the course, retired to prepare for the contest. Teddy likewise showed himself for a few minutes, and also entered the house to disrobe. Within a few minutes of the appointed time, the competitors came on to the course in their flannels, and great interest was manifested to obtain a view of their condition. Mills was waited on by Sam Barker, and White had for his attendant, Myers, of Newmarket. To complete the distance, they had to traverse the ground forty times and 160 yards, thus having to pass the winning-post forty-one times. The referee (Mr. H. Holt) having taken his station, the men stripped to the buff and toed the mark. Mills now offered to bet White his share of the gate-money, but White declined, saying he could get 6 to 4 to his money. All being in readiness, a deep silence prevailed for some moments—so deep that a pin might almost have been heard to drop, broken at last by a burst of "They're off!" and off they went at a pace enough to take one's breath away; Mills taking the lead by about a yard, and dashing along as though the distance was one lap, instead of forty-one. Round the top bend of the course and down the straight for the first time did little Teddy cut out the running, White bowling along in his track rising the hill, for in the first lap, Mills, apparently satisfied with the measure taken of his man, fell back, and White carried on the running at undimished speed amidst the cheers of those assembled, and as they sped round the course, the style of each was superb, and two finer specimens of pedestrians were never seen. As lap after lap was paced over, the excitement increased, and Martin offered to take £20 to £10. This seemed to inspire White with greater energy, for he at once placed a gap of a couple of yards between them; but this was soon again reduced to the former difference of a yard. No change took place in the order of running until one mile had been traversed, which was run in 4 min. 41½ sec. The course now began to cut up, and became rather heavy going; this, however, did not seem to affect the men in the least, for they still kept racing along like pieces of machinery wound up for the occasion, and at every stride they took, the swelling muscles seemed to stand out like bosses of oak. This order of running was maintained throughout the second and third miles, which were done respectively in 9 min. 44 sec. and 14 min. 51 sec. In rounding the pagoda turn in the twenty-first lap, Mills came in contact with a tree, which severely cut his shoulder, and turned him half round! This gave the Gateshead hero a lead of four or five yards, but in going along the straight, Teddy again took up his former position and ran so close to White, that twice his knees came in contact with the latter's spikes. In the twenty-fifth lap, Mills, striding out a little further, came to White's shoulder on the outside, but only for a stride did he remain there, for no sooner did his opponent see him than he increased the already hot pace, and again forged ahead. Rising the hill in the twenty-eighth lap, Mills again went alongside of his man, but this time on the *inside*. This once more had the effect of making White increase his pace, and it seemed to be Teddy's aim to push his opponent along at the very top of his speed. On coming to the top of the hill in the next lap, Mills went up to White, looked in his face, and smiling, said, "We have now done four miles," and directly dropped back into his former position. This elicited loud and prolonged cheers from his friends, who called to the gallant little fellow, saying, "You have him all right, Teddy, keep him at it;" and keep him at it he did, for he never allowed him to lead by more than a yard. The four miles were covered in 20 min. 1 sec., and any odds were now offered on Mills, who, even at the great pace they were going at, seemed to be running within himself. The five miles were run without any change in their relative positions, in 25 min. 12 sec. And now began the most exciting part of the contest, those among the spectators who were not cheering, holding their breath with anxious expectation and excitement, and expecting each stride to see one of them to "crack;" but such was their superb condition and stamina, that the great efforts made by each did not seem to have affected them in the least, and they careered over the course, round after round, as fresh as at starting. When three laps only had to be run, Mills gathered himself together, and, with a dash, came shoulder to shoulder with his man; and now commenced a most determined struggle for the lead, each foot of the ground being keenly contested, and the excitement of the spectators strained to the utmost, the air resounding with their encouraging cheers. At length, as they rounded the Pagoda turn, Teddy broke from his opponent and endeavored to take the inside place before he was quite clear, and a slight collision ensued, but it was of no moment. Entering the straight for the finish of the thirty-ninth lap, White again challenged for the lead, and succeeded in wresting it from his opponent, and carried on the running throughout the next lap, Mills seemingly content with running at his shoulder. Now, however, the last lap is commenced, and at terrific speed Mills went to the front. His spurt was gallantly answered by White, who dashed along about two yards in the rear, until reaching the straight run-in, where Mills came away, and won by ten yards, in the shortest time on record—30 min. 9 sec.! White was much distressed at the finish, and was compelled to lean on the rails for support. Mills, with the most manly feeling, went up to him and shook hands, and then, as though he had not done a mile, got on his toes and ran indoors! The following is the correct time:—

miles.	min.	sec.	miles.	min.	sec.
1	4	41½	4	20	1
2	9	44	5	25	12
3	14	51	6	30	9

AN "OLD SPORT" TO THE "CLIPPERITES."

THE SEASON OF FESTIVITIES IN CAMP AND "AT HOME"—A DISH OF SOUP—A "STRAIGHT" FOR THE ABSENT—CHRISTMAS TREE—RARE FUN—A PUGILISTIC SET-TO—DON'T KNOW WHO WON—THE SOLDIERS ON BURNSIDE AND HIS LATE MOVEMENT—MCCLELLAN THE CHOICE OF THE ARMY—THEIR TRUST IN "LITTLE MAC"—SHELTER TENTS—SLEEPING "SPOON FASHION"—HOW TO CHANGE BASE IN BED, ETC., ETC.

HEADQUARTERS SICKLES' DIVISION,
NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, VA., Dec. 28, 1862.

FRIEND QUEEN:—How *are* you, CLIPPERITES? for it's some time since I communed with you, old sports, and I'm anxious to know how you propel up there in the States, and everywhere else where the CLIPPER circulates. Hope you passed a merry Christmas, and may enjoy all the happiness allowable by law, and generally associated with the holiday week. By the way, just please to put in an "extra lick" in behalf of friends in "the army, and navy for three years, or during the war, unless sooner discharged;" for, I assure you, that we are experiencing a d—d (excuse me—can't help it) dry return for the holidays out here—nothing to remind us of the season of festivity and jollification, excepting, perhaps, the unusually large quantity of bottles, with contents *non. est.*, which, in the "early morn" are found strewn promiscuously in the immediate neighborhood of the quarters of our gay and fascinating "coms.," affording silent elucidation of the mysterious noises heard by "nocturnal ramblers" in that neighborhood. Yes, one other matter served to remind us, personally, that the occasion was of more than ordinary import—we've just been treated to a cup of soup, the ingredients of which were beef, potatoes, and onions. Now, I don't expect any "vet." to believe this, but it's an honest fact. The articles mentioned, though allowed several times weekly, *in the regulations*, to the soldier, are very rarely, indeed, received by him; can't tell the reason—ask the quartermaster, he can. This fare may appear common to you "cits.," but it's a luxury seldom enjoyed by the soldiers—ain't it, boys? I'll bet yer! So, friends, don't fail to take at least *one* extra "nip" for us, and by all means let it be "straight."

I must acquaint you with a bit of pleasantry which transpired in the camp of the gallant First Excelsior, on Christmas day, concocted by some gay lads, who were resolved upon having some sport at all hazards. The promising youths in question put their busy craniums together, and after a few moments deliberation, conceived the idea of getting up a "Christmas tree," in honor of the event. Out they sherried to the woods, returning with a young pine, which they proceeded to "put in shape." The first dawn of Christmas discovered the brush planted in a conspicuous spot on the main avenue, its boughs fancifully decorated with "square pies," huge chunks of mess pork and "salt horse," a cow's head, with the mouth wide open—ready for contributions—and a canteen hanging upside down, with cork out, to signify its deplorable state of health, and the words—"A d—d dry Christmas! That's so!" inscribed thereon. The whole affair was well devised, and contained some capital hits, well understood by those for whom they were intended. How is that, Captain Danny? It occasioned a great deal of merriment among the soldiers, though there were "severial" persons who were unable to perceive the "place where the laugh came in." Oh, Whitehead, how *could* you do it?

Those fortunate (?) "Yanks," who do congregate and pitch their habitations in the vicinity of Gen. Sickles's headquarters, were agreeably entertained and amused, on Christmas morn, by an encounter, *a la* pugilist, which occurred in the woods near by, the parties to which were, a "gentleman from the classic banks of the Rhine," and a *very quiet*, unassuming individual, belonging to the Provost Guard, by name, Jim M——g, *alias* Scotchy. The difficulty occurred about a log of wood, which the aforesaid Scotchy attempted to carry off against the protest of our Teutonic friend, who "piled in." A ring was immediately formed by "the boys," who gathered around in numbers, attracted by the loud talk; the men stripped, bottle holders and an umpire were selected, and a lively mill, conducted according to the rules of the London P. R., ensued. Not being a spectator, I cannot describe the "battle" in detail. But five rounds, lasting about ten minutes, were fought. It is a mooted question which won; some say Scotchy came off "first best," but the "Chief" asserts that the contrary was the case, and tells a rough tale on Scotchy. I guess, if the truth were told, the fight terminated by "mutual consent;" ain't it so? Jim says it don't matter—he brought in the wood. How are you, eyebrows? So 'long.

How are the "gude folks," up your way, on the war question? I presume they, like us soldiers, are very sore over the late "reconnoisance" and repulse at Fredericksburg. In our opinion the commander of the Potomac army committed an unpardonable crime in ordering his army across the river, and forcing them into the very jaws of death, by throwing them upon batteries whose perfect impregnability to assault was transparent to the veriest military novice. Gen. Burnside has assumed, in his report, the sole responsibility of the movement, and he should be made to suffer the consequences of his rash, ill-judged, and wicked attack, involving such a dreadful slaughter of precious life, as needless as it was inhuman and insane; he must be disgraced—the people demand it, and the Administration must heed the mutterings of the North, which are now significantly heard. How much better and wiser would it have been to have thrown up works, and "dug" the rebs. out, as we did at Yorktown; it could have been accomplished in two weeks time, thousands of lives would have been saved, and the army at this moment many miles nearer to Richmond. But no, spades departed with McClellan—Burnside was going right into Richmond; but he suddenly received a check where he least expected, and now, after sacrificing so many brave spirits to no purpose (except to test the truth of what he foolishly says he "thought he discovered"), he has been compelled to fall back upon those instruments, and throw up dirt, while the enemy hold our army inactive with half the number they fought us, being at liberty to send the balance off to crush the Union forces at other points. The Administration committed the gravest of all their innumerable errors and blunders when they removed Gen. McClellan. His chargeable dilatoriness was attributable, in a great degree, to the infernal interference with, and defeating of his plans, by those in power at Washington; had he been *let alone* he would have proceeded rapidly enough for any reasonable person. General McClellan is as pure a patriot as ever breathed, and I think the people are fully convinced that, as a General, he is infinitely the superior of any other military commander in the northern army, and I am certain my opinion is shared by five-sixths of the army, at least. The soldiers have more confidence in "Little Mac" than ever, since the late battle, and it is absolutely impossible to find a single individual who will acknowledge himself a Burnside advocate to-day. As Sumner truly remarks—"They are not demoralized, otherwise than that they have no confidence in Burnside"—nor they never will.

But the great secret of our ill success, throughout this struggle, has been the red tapeism and political jealousy which has always governed the conduct of the war, and until there is more true *patriotism* and *honesty* and less *self* manifested by those who hold the reins of government in Washington, this unholy war may never be expected to terminate—at least, satisfactorily restoring the "Union as it was." It has been said that the War Department would kill any General who assumed command of an army within its immediate control, and the non-interference therewith by the Department has been advanced as a reason why our western army has been so successful. Is it always to continue so? The loyal North will not endure it much longer, and if those at the head of the government are incompetent to fill their positions honorably, they must be ousted in favor of those who are. If the President will place George B. McClellan at the head of the army, giving him *supreme command*, and affording necessary aid—allowing no interference by any one—*then* we can look for a vigorous prosecution of the war, *and not till then*. The army will place trust in *no one else;* and where a commander does not possess the confidence of his men, you'll admit there's slight prospect of success. Give Mac command, and leave him alone, and he will carry on the war fast enough, and with less loss of life than any General we have on the rolls. If a change does not transpire, the North will be crying out for peace—no matter how obtained—and they will do right, for if matters go on this way the prospects of an established Southern Confederacy on our soil are bright, and 'tis certainly wiser to allow them to have it now, without useless shedding of more precious blood, than to carry on the war for a twelvemonth longer, wasting treasure, ruining the country, and being compelled to submit to the disgrace ultimately. Prospects are gloomy enough now. Heaven grant the shadows may be dissipated, and we be permitted to see our way clearly once more. We shall see!

The weather out here is extremely wintry, and the universal belief expressed by the boys is, that shelter tents ain't at all to be compared to brick houses: "An' I pe tam un it'ish a fac'." In order to keep "snug and warm," four in a tent are obliged to lay up close—"spoon fashion," the gals have it—cover our heads with the blankets, build a huge bon-fire before the tent, and resign ourselves into the arms of the adorable "Mrs. Murphy." It's a pretty tight fit, too, and in case one of us desire to change base during the night, he awakes the balance, sings out, "about face" (sometimes occasioning a row), and over we go, "all together." Gallus, ain't it! But this is an outrageously long letter, and if you'll grant pardon for so boring you, I'll shut up instanter, wishing the CLIPPER every success in the world, and its subscribers a full share of the good things to be found on this mundane sphere. Yours, etc., ADELPHI.

THE "RED PATCH."

A VOICE FROM THE BATTLE FIELD.

FIRST REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS,
BEFORE FREDERICKSBURG, VA.,
CHRISTMAS EVE, 1862.

DEAR CLIPPER:—The jolly FIRST, the *bon homme* and good humor of which are seldom disturbed, less, in honest verity, by a good fight than a bad dinner, over which we occasionally have a vast swear, has, since the affair at Fredericksburg, resumed its equanimity. It did not even wait for General Orders, which, like some other generals, came to time tardily, to settle down into quiet satisfaction with itself, though, of course, its pride was highly gratified by the many fine things which those gay "old sports," Brigadiers Birney and Barry, who set our squadrons in the field, had to say of us. The "RED PATCH" has behaved itself nobly, and henceforth it must flame lustrously—it has been true to the memory of the chivalric Kearney—and though the inevitable "change of base" has brought us again to the north bank of the Rappahannock, the "strategy" is none of ours, the disgrace none of ours, nor yet the responsibility.

The impetuous spirit that led at Williamsburg and Fair Oaks; that wheeled about at Charles City Cross Roads, and checked furiously the flushed and eager hordes of the enemy; that hovered—an inspiration of victory—over the field of Malvern Hill; that advanced the right at Bull Run, and held the field against the foe, while our army moved onward to the defence of Washington; that triumphed and died at Chantilly; still lives in the hearts of his "veterans," and they have sworn to be true to him, and preserve untarnished the glory of his name—the brightest bequest of the war.

I fear me that the pastime which engages us nationally, at present, is too clumsy a subject for my pen, and I have no desire to cut the awkward figure, so usual, of buying an elephant—a little indiscretion, I am led to suppose, *somebody* must feel very sore about just now, "considering how the times go." You may talk about the wisdom and the superiority of the "high noon" of the nineteenth century as much as you please, but it is certainly very humiliating that, in the midst of this "wide awake" period, we should be at such prodigious trouble and cost to find out what was known some years ago, viz:—"Let a shoemaker stick to his awl," with the addition—let a tailor hold fast to the needle, eschewing the sword.

Therefore, give me for "headquarters" a log of Virginia pine, on the flank or front of a bivouac fire, rather than "headquarters in the saddle," and while I emphatically ignore the spade, may the good angels preserve me from a too ambitious use of the pen.

Just now you may suppose that we are occupied with Christmas festivities—a deplorable mistake, I regret to state. In addition to the enormous expense of these military machinations, they have produced such a monstrous suspense, that our friends—if we have any left—have not even dared to send us a bottle of "schnapps," to say nothing of the knick-nacks, without which Christmas is no Christmas at all. In the infernal smoke of ten thousand camp fires, my visual orbs have been obscured by unnatural tears which I have been constrained to shed, and the blessed sunlight has become a dubious and unreliable thing. Just imagine what thoughts a fellow in this condition must ponder, when recollections of artful and generous contrivances, advertised far and wide as "eye-openers," &c., recur to him. But I suppose Express Agents and Railroad Superintendents have latterly handed us over to Johnny Reb. and the devil, and, owing to some family jar among them—communication being suspended—they will not undertake to "deliver packages."

But—did you say—"what of theatricals?"—that famous method of driving "dull care away." Alas! You call to mind the Christmas and New Years preceding, when Bill Giggee—"the fun of the Regiment"—convulsed the post of Newport News, bringing a broad grin over the face of "all creation," a smile even upon the sedate countenance of old General Mansfield, and a roar from the barracks, and multifarious "cabangs" of that celebrated locality—a roar that might have been heard on the decks of the Cumberland and Congress, lying in the stream. A rare genius was Bill Giggee—"a fellow of infinite jest." Too high a value could not have been set upon him, had he fell into hands which, appreciating his talents properly, could have moulded them aright, and directed him to his true sphere. But, like many another fine soul, he held himself in no esteem at all, and wondered at the amazement and amusement which his irresistible wit universally created. They are all gone now—General Mansfield, the Congress, and the Cumberland, and poor Bill Giggee. I saw his fine form extended on the green turf of Bull Run, the foliage rustling above, the crash of battle whirling around him. His upturned face possessed the composure peculiar to his happiest sallies, and I imagined he had met his death as a "severe joke." Of all who fell on those two days, on the invincible Right, no one was oftener spoken of, or more grieved about, than our beloved "Yorick." How can we have the heart to undertake again what will constantly remind us of our loss, even if this "devil ma' care" style of living—a style of existence more primitive and barbaric than you can find any account of in Sinbad the Sailor, or any other learned traveler—would permit.

But I see you advance a flag of truce, and as I don't want to "annihilate" you in one attack, but wish to procrastinate that Christian enjoyment, I will grant you time to bury your dead and dig pits for a similar purpose, in view of the next engagement. With sentiments of high regard, &c., I am yours,

SPHERICAL CASE.

HOW THE CORCORAN LEGION SPENT THEIR CHRISTMAS.

DECORATIONS OF COMPANY STREETS—BEAUTIFUL WEATHER—"THE GIRLS WE LEFT BEHIND US"—A HORSE RACE—CORCORAN'S WAR HORSE WINS—THE GENERAL AND HIS WIFE SPECTATORS—OTHER SPORTS—FANTASTIC PARADE—CAPTURE OF THE COMICS AND THEIR TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT.

2ND REG. CORCORAN'S IRISH LEGION,
NEWPORT NEWS, VA., DEC. 26.

DEAR CLIPPER: A bright sun shone on the camp of the Corcoran Legion Christmas morning, and revealed to our eyes a scene of enchanting beauty. The headquarters of the different regiments were very prettily decorated with arches and bowers of evergreens. In some of the company streets, were various devices made by different colored shells, berries, etc. Company H, 170th Regiment, Captain Fitzmaurice, and Company A, 69th Regiment, had their streets looking like fairy land, and many a blushing maiden would have clapped her hands with delight if she could only have seen the rough soldier's camp.

After "roast beef"—nary a plum-pudding—the sports commenced with a first-rate horse race. Seven or eight animals were entered, among them, the old gray nag ridden by Gen. Corcoran at the battle of Bull Run. Some of the mustangs showed considerable blood, but all had to succumb to the prowess of "Old Bull Run," for, after a well-contested race, he succeeded in beating them elegantly. "Bull Run" was mounted by Capt. M. Doran, 164th Regiment.

The day closed with wheel-barrow races, sack races, chasing the greased pig, foot races, jumping, etc., all of which caused a great deal of amusement, and helped to pass off the day in a happy manner. The General and his lady were on the ground all day, and enjoyed the fun very much.

In the evening, the most outlandish fantastic company I ever saw in my life, paraded through the camp, under the marshalship of Capt. Jim Fitzmaurice. After a parade through the camp, he took the whole gang through the lines to the village of Newport News, and serenaded the General at his quarters. The whole party were afterwards captured by the Provost Guard, but released by the gallant Col. McMahon, on condition of each man drinking a tin-cup full of brandy. The boys did not accept of their parole—oh, no! A grand race is on the tapis for New Year's.

J. S. F.

BASE BALL IN CALIFORNIA.—Two picked nines of the Eagle club, played a match at San Francisco, on Nov. 27, in which Fisher's side beat Wade's by 13 runs.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A LOOKER ON.—Thanks! The game (which appears this week) is superb.

EXPRESS.—Thanks for recent favors.

J. A. DE CON, Brooklyn, N. Y.—We have but one more of your Blindfold Games on hand.

DRAUGHTS IN NEW YORK.—New York, Dec. 23, 1862.—DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER—Dear Sir: Mr. Littlefield, a noted Draught player of Boston, gave us a visit a few days ago, and "tackled" some of our best players. Several sittings were had, and the score finally footed up thus:—

Littlefield, 4; Clute, 7; Drawn, 19.
" 13; Leur, 19; Drawn, (about) 100.

Since the above were played, Dr. Clute and Mr. Leur have had a sitting, with the following score:—

Clute, 5; Leur, 1; Drawn, 1.

You see we have still a little excitement in the checker world, and are not all played out yet. Yours, &c., EXPRESS.

GAME No. 40—VOL. X.

SUTER.

One game each having been scored by the two Dons, with one draw, they played on for the conquering game with the following result:—

Communicated by "A Looker-on."

Black, Mr. B.	White, Mr. A.		Black, Mr. B.		White, Mr. A.	
1..11 to 15	23 to 19		15.. 7 to 10		32 to 27	
2.. 9 14	22 17		16..10 19		31	26 (c)
3.. 6 9	17 13		17..11	15(d)	18	4
4.. 2 6	25 22		18..19	24	28	19
5.. 8 11	29 25		19.. 9	14	17	10
6.. 4 8	22 17		20.. 6	31	26	22
7..14 18	26 23		21..31	27	4	8
8..18 22	25 18		22..27	23	8	11
9..15 22	23 18		23..12	16	11	15
10..10 14	27 10		24..23	18	20	11
11.. 7 23	27 18		25..18	25	30	21
12..22 25	24 20		26.. 5	9	13	6
13.. 3 7(a)	19	15(b)	27.. 1	19		
14..25 29	21	17	Drawn.			

Notes, by "A Looker On."

(a) A sinister-looking move.
(b) The right man in the right place. From a posture of attack, the Blacks are now put upon one of defence.
(c) 27 to 24 or 18 to 15, as well as the move taken, are all hard moves to draw against, and form fine positions to study.
(d) A handsome escape from a perplexing pressure.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 39—Vol. X.

BY C. M. WILDER.

White.		Black.	
1..21 to	17	14 to	21
2..26	23	19	26
3..30	5	21	30
4.. 5	1	10	19
5.. 1	12, and wins.		

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 103d POSITION.

White.		Black.	
1..23	19	24	15
2..14	17, and wins.		

MATCH GAME.

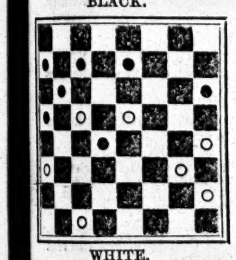
BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND ACCEPTANCE.

Black—G. M. B.		White—Acceptance.	
4.. 4	8	24	20
5..12	16	25	22
6..10	15		

POSITION No. 40—Vol. X. THE 104th POSITION OF STURGES.

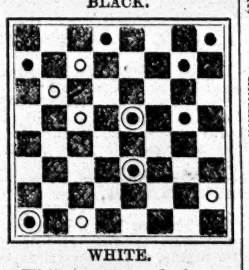
Occurred in actual play between Messrs. Hines and Leur, of this City.
Communicated by EXPRESS.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and draw the game.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

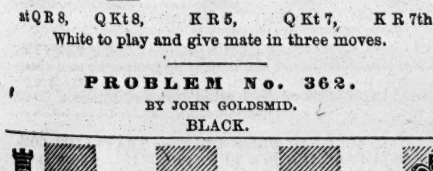
THE GAME OF CHESS.

ENIGMA No. 362.

From the Era.

BY W. GRIMSHAW, ESQ.

at his Kt 8, K R sq, Q Kt 3, K sq, Q R 2d.



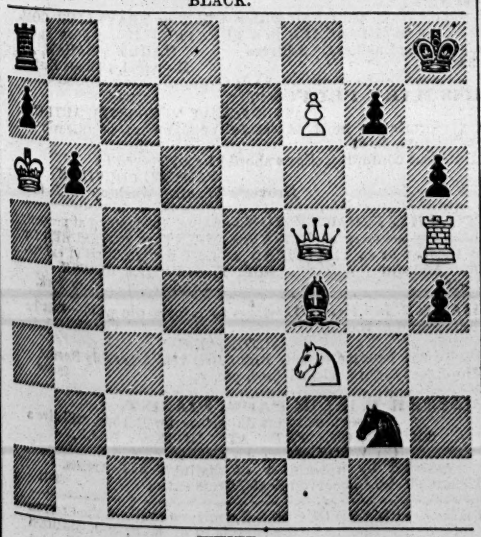
at Q R 8, Q Kt 8, K R 5, Q Kt 7, K R 7th.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 362.

BY JOHN GOLDSMID.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and give mate in five moves.

HERR KLING'S CRITIQUES

ON THE PRIZE PROBLEMS OF THE WORLD'S CONGRESS.

We shall give, sett by sett, as our space will admit, the remarkably discriminating and interesting critiques of Herr Professor Kling, himself a decade since the very autocrat of problemists; now the most fitting and acceptable judge of rank and excellence of the *athletes* at present contesting for mastery. From such decision and award there can and should be no appeal. We commence, of course, with the sett "NYMPH IN THY ORISONS," for which the first prize was awarded to Dr. Conrad Bayer, of Olmutz. We greatly regret that Herr Loewenthal does not so designate each position, as he publishes it, so that we may know to a certainty in each particular case, which criticism belongs to the problem or problems given.

PROBLEM No. 1.—A neat and elegant position, and though not very difficult in its construction, yet meritorious on account of the very scientific manner in which the disposition of the forces is employed. With comparatively few pieces on the board, the author has yet succeeded in creating many curious and interesting variations.

No. 2.—The first move is merely preparatory to the stratagem. The real position in this introduction is a problem in three moves. Constructed with all that aptitude which generally manifests real genius, and I must not omit to observe that the author has been pre-eminently successful in working upon a ground which has been trodden by many of his predecessors. It is, however, just to the author to express our favorable opinion as to the manner in which the two old ideas were combined, *viz:* after White's second move, the two Kt's, for instance, are, so to say, "pinned," an idea too frequently applied by various composers; and next, the threatening sacrifice of Q at her 3d, in order to make room for the B to mate, is not entirely new.

No. 3.—This I found, on examination, to be a problem of very high merit; it is a composition of unquestionable excellence. The solution is perfectly hidden, and the idea is brilliant as well as original.

No. 4.—An admirable stratagem, in which the author has complied with every condition of a first-rate problem. It is original in its ideas, elegant in its construction, difficult in its solution; and the variations so numerous, brilliant, and critical, that every one in itself may be considered a separate problem. Having pointed out the merits of his excellent position, I may be permitted to notice its short-comings. It appears to me that the first move was merely introduced in order to render Black's defence somewhat more complicated.

No. 5.—The idea is cleverly concealed, yet when once hit upon, it seems to have some resemblance to other positions of the same style. The problem is, however, extremely difficult, and Dr. Bayer deserves great credit for the very able manner in which he constructs all his problems.

No. 6.—This position is in every respect fully equal to No. 4, and is therefore deserving of the very highest praise. The real beauty of the stratagem lies in White's 2d move in the main variation, *viz:* 2..Q to K 6th, which will baffle the sagacity of many connoisseurs.

In summing up the opinions expressed above, it will be perceived that all the positions are, without exception, first-class. I feel persuaded that they will be perused with that admiration which I experienced in their examination. The greatest merit of this excellent composer, is the profound knowledge he displays of all the various branches of problems in their minutest details—the depth of his combinations, and the scientific manner in which the variations are so excellently diversified.

Of the problems selected for general superiority as final competitors for the prizes, besides those actually winning, we notice setts by three English authors, *viz:* Grimshaw, J. Brown, and Mitcheson; four German, by Willmers, Behrens, Stavenular, Kohlz & Kenningiesser; and one American, Elson & Warner.

In a pretty large list "deserving mention" we find our own correspondent, J. Schlesinger, a sett from Spain (welcome!) by Gregorio Menedez, Master Mons. A. Calonne (aged 15!) and the well-known names of M. Lamoroux, and Messrs. E. Clare and C. White. We shall reproduce the best from these setts, as they appear here, confident that we are thus ministering the most possible to the delight of American readers and amateurs. The series will commence next week.

"SET 'EM UP AGAIN."—In spite of extra care taken, and as if almost on purpose, our proof reader carelessly allowed our last problem, No. 361, by John Schlesinger, to pass with an error in it. A nR, instead of a K, should be placed on Black's Q B's square. That so fine a problem should not be marred, we republish it this week:—

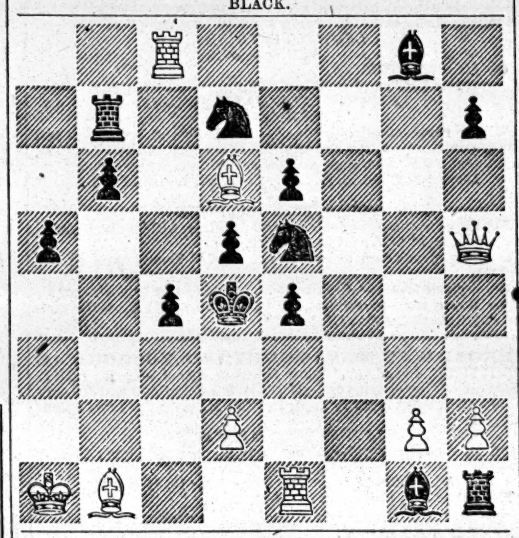
PROBLEM No. 361.

A competitor in the late World's Congress Problem Tourney.

"A PROBLEM IS NOT AN END-GAME."

BY JOHN SCHLESINGER.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and give mate in five moves.

GAME No. 362.

The fourth board of one of our late lamented contributor Jas. A. Leonard's blindfold feats at the "Morphy Chess Rooms,"

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

Attack, Leonard.	Defence, Dr. Rapalje.	Attack, Leonard.	Defence, Dr. Rapalje.
1..P to K 4	P to Q B 4	16..Q B to K 3	P to Q Kt 3
2..P-Q 4	P-K 3	17..Castles	Q B-Kt 2
3..P-Q 5	K B-K 2	18..Q-K 2	Kt-K R 3
4..P-Q 6	K B-his 3	19..Q R-K sq	P-K Kt 3
5..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	20..K B-his 3	Q B-Q
6..K B-K 2	Q-her Kt 3	21..K B × B	K P × B
7..Q Kt-B 3	Q Kt-Q 5	22..Q B-Q 2	Q × Q P
8..P-K 5	Q Kt × Kt +	23..Q-K B 3	K-Kt 2
9..K B × Kt	K B × P	24..B-his 3 +	P-Q 5
10..Q Kt-K 4	P-K B 4	25..Q B-Q 2	Kt-his 5
11..K B-R 5 +	K his B sq	26..P-K R 3	Kt-K B 3
12..P-K B 4	Q-Kt 5 +	27..P-K Kt 4	Q R-K sq
13..Q Kt-B 3	K B × Kt +	28..P-K Kt 5	K Kt-K 5
14..Kt P × B	Q × B 2d P +	29..P-K R 4	Kt × Q B, and
15..Q B-Q 2	Q-K B 3	Mr. Leonard resigned.	

DICKY GLENN AT A CONCERT SALOON.

"Dicky Glenn," well known by those most intimately acquainted with him, lately paid a visit to Philadelphia, where he was led (?) into one of those lesser palaces of song and dances where "Johnny is a Shoemaker" is helped along by a chorus incited by "cobblers;" where "I'm Afloat!" seems to be the condition not a few of the audience are in; where a human nightingale, boasting tresses of the MacAvoy hue, screams, "Raven were the locks;" where—well, everybody knows what we mean when we say "Concert Hall." Glenn has sent us the following, as a "true bill" of the night's work:—"Grand overture by the orchestra." This orchestra is stated on the programme to be "the finest and most complete in the country." That night seems to have been an exception, as there were only two drums, a piano, and three fiddles in the box; one drummer, playing—probably for the absentees—his own mild instrument, a cymbal, gong, triangle, and flute. A sandwich of a dance, between two songs, followed, the melody of the latter being somewhat disturbed by new-comers into the hall recognising acquaintances, waitresses, and shouting their names, with the compliments of the season, across the hall, with a freedom peculiar to the Land of Liberty. The "Queen of Song" advances to the footlights, under a cannonade of stamping and hammering of glasses on tables.

"Order—order! Put him out!" etc.

Q. of S.:—"No one to——"

Intoxicated individual in one corner to friend:—"Drink with me, won't you? Here, Curly! What'll you have, Tom?"

Q. of S.:—"Roaming over this world's——"

A boy in the rear to gentleman in tall hat:—"Hats off in front!"

Q. of S.:—"Sad is my——"

Unknown voice:—"Lemonade, no sherry."

A customer:—"Waiter!"

Enthusiastic admirers:—"Hi, hi!"

The Queen of Song has left the stage, but the hem of her dress is to be seen in the wing, where she is waiting for an encore. Furious applause follows, intermingled with calls for songs of predilection. "Annie of the Vale!" "Annie Lisle!" One fellow, half asleep on the table, with the regularity of a trip hammer, rings the changes upon the words, "Jem Bowers! Bowers!" Chorus of his neighbors:—"Dry up, and let Fanny sing!"

Singer:—"I'm the——"

Gent on left:—"Bundle of cigars! Fetch a whole bundle, and let me pick!"

Singer:—"That gay and——"

Gent on right—"How are you, Dick?"

Singer:—"If the President sat beside——"

Black waiter:—"You boys in de gallery, keep still stompin'!"

Singer:—"I would still be——"

Customer:—"A hot rum!"

A regular patron to last speaker:—"Why can't you wait till the singer's through?"

Customer:—"I do just as I please! If you don't like it, why, go out on the street."

And then Glenn seems to have chanced upon a quiet bit of infatuation which delighted such an old stager as he.

A fast youth to another, apparently a twin:—"Hello, Dick! you here?

Dick:—"I come every night; and you used to do the same."

"That's so, but I ain't the 'flat' I was. You see that singer, Flora Fitzforest, there? Well, I gave her a ring one night. And then I gave her a pair of ear-rings."

"Out of the store, eh?"

"So they say. I thought all was 'hunk,' and I waited in S—— street for her one night. She came out, but she had with her a man."

"Did you lick him?"

"I did go up to him, but I saw it was that fellow who plays with the cannon balls, so I slid out of that pretty quick!"

It is useless to add that "the man" didn't get licked; but Glenn ends rather abruptly, and we take it that he got a little oblivious, and forgot what occurred afterwards.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER THIRTY-EIGHT.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

SIGNORINA ANNETTA GALETTI.

The celebrated Italian Danseuse. In 1858, she made her *debut* at Milan, and created a profound sensation, and received from the Arch-Duke a valuable present. In a few months, after reigning as mistress of the stage of La Scala, she went to Paris, where the Emperor Napoleon paid her many compliments, and at the Palais Royal a magnificent *fete* was given her, at which Ristori, the tragedienne, was present, and where General Canrobert made her a present of a valuable diamond necklace. Petted by royalty, she had a great desire to visit America and experience republican gallantry.

Made her *debut* May 23d, 1859, at Niblo's Garden, New York, as Zoloe. First appeared in Philadelphia, June 22d, 1859, at the Arch Street Theatre, in conjunction with the Lucy Escott English opera company.

In New York her success was very decided. As a representative of Terpsichore, she has few superiors.

In 1861-2 we find her dancing in one of the Broadway, New York Concert Saloons, at a salary of $100 per week. Was last at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DIXON.

Made his first appearance on any stage, at the old Amphitheatre, North Pearl street, Albany, N. Y., under the management of Parsons, in 1827.

When Sloman commenced singing buffo songs, some years ago, his success struck a spark into the bosom of Dixon, and he commenced singing buffo at the Albany Theatre in 1830. He shortly afterwards left for Philadelphia, and made his first appearance June 19th, 1834, at the Arch Street, and sang his prize extravaganza of "Zip Coon," for the benefit of Andrew J. Allen.

When the cholera broke out in Philadelphia, he published a "Cholera Gazette," giving, day by day, the exact state of the city's health. Just at mid-day, each day, there assembled in front of the Health Office, a crowd, dense enough to breed a cholera, to listen to the report of the Board of Health, on the cases and deaths of the previous twenty-four hours, And as true as the bell struck twelve, so true would Dixon come forth, and from the elevated step anounce the calamities of the time. But the cholera left, and so did Dixon.

In May, 1836, he visited Boston, and what his reception was there, we refer to the following, which we extract from the Boston *Courier* of that date:—

"This fellow, the notorious 'buffo singer' and humbug, who has been vagabonding about the country for many years, is at last likely to obtain a steady home, and something useful to do. He has been arrested for forgery, and lodged in jail. The stupendous amount of thirty dollars is what he is 'in for.' He will be remembered by many of our citizens as the competitor of Mons. Chabert, in the fire eating business, and for the ignominious manner in which he retreated from his dangerous victuals when the glowing meal was placed before him. He succeeded no better in his attempt to take poison for a living. He is the most miserable apology for a vocalist that ever bored the public ear. Any hearer of taste would much prefer a dose of ipecacuanha to hearing him sing."

In 1839, we find him in New York, publishing a paper called the "Polyanthus," which dealt in personal abuse; he suffered six months imprisonment, for an alleged libel on the Rev. Dr. Hawks, Rector of St. Thomas' Church.

In 1852, he was living in New Orleans. He is said to have been the cause of the death of Miss Missouri, by publishing a filthy article against her in his notorious sheet. Dixon died at the Charity Hospital, N. O., March, 1861.

CALVIN EDSON.

"The Living Skeleton;" born in Stafford, Connecticut, in 1789. His former weight was 135 lbs., and he was 5 feet 6 inches in height. At the time of his exhibition, he weighed but 58 lbs., and was 5 feet 3 inches high. He attributed the cause of his wasting away to his having slept on the damp ground the night after the battle of Plattsburgh, at which time he was serving in the American army. He described his sensations on waking as being those of extreme numbness and coldness. From that moment he began to waste away, until he became the extraordinary *memento* that he was. He visited Europe, where he was examined by Sir Astley Cooper, Sir Anthony Carlisle, and most of the medical men of London. He could ride on horseback, lift 150 lbs., and eat, drink, and sleep as well as any man.

His first appearance on the American stage was at the old Chatham Theatre, New York, in May, 1830, as Jeremiah Thin, in "Rochester." Made his *debut* in Philadelphia, June 24th, 1830, as Jeremiah Thin. He visited nearly all the principal cities in the United States, giving exhibitions; he would enclose himself in a close-fitting, elastic, black silk suit, rendering his figure painfully distinct.

Calvin Edson died in 1833, weing only 45 pounds.

CHARLES J. B. FISHER.

Born in 1804. He belonged to a highly intellectual family. Charles had the family taste for the drama, and a natural flow of genial humor, which made him a most agreeable companion. His literary turn brought him into frequent intercourse with the press, to which his critical ability, his knowledge of subjects of art, and his epigrammatic style, made him a welcome contributor. He was connected at one time with John Gibson, in the *True American*, of New York; and during his residence in Mobile, with the *Register* there. These were, however, occupations secondary to his regular employment for a great many years as secretary of the Mobile Gas Company.

Died in Mobile, January 20th, 1859, of pneumonia, after a protracted illness. He left a widow—one, too, of a highly talented family—a daughter of the renowned comedian, Jefferson. With the most amiable qualities of heart, the most kindly disposition, scrupulous integrity, and industrious attention to the business of others, he had an almost child-like unworldliness, unfavorable to the accumulation of this world's goods.

"THE GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY," an attribute of their game often eulogisingly spoken of by cricketers, could hardly have a more apt illustration than the following. In a match played about 1770, Purchase and W. Harding, of Frensham, in Surrey, Eng., went in for 228 runs, and got 200 before they parted, and the remainder of the eleven only scored 20 between them, thus losing the match!

THE LAWS OF CRICKET IN 1774.

Cricket in "Auld Lang Syne" never fails to be of interest to the votaries of the game; we therefore re-publish the rules as revised by a very influential committee at the Star and Garter, Pall Mall, Feb. 25, 1774, consisting of the noblemen and gentlemen of Kent, Hampshire, Surrey, Sussex, Middlesex, and London. Committee—In the chair, Sir Wm. Draper; present, His Grace the Duke of Dorset, Right Hon. Earl Tankerville, Sir Horace Mann, Philip Dehany, John Brewer Davis, Harry Peckham, Francis Vincent, John Cooke, Chas. Coles, Rich, and James, Esqs., and the Rev. Chas. Pawlet.

THE LAWS OF CRICKET.

The Ball must weigh not less than 5½oz., nor more than 5¾oz. It cannot be changed during the game but with the consent of both parties.

The Bat must not exceed four inches and a quarter in the widest part.

The Stumps must be twenty-two inches, the bail six inches long.

The Bowling Crease must be parallel with the stumps, three feet in length, with a return crease.

The Popping Crease must be three feet ten inches from the wickets, and the wickets must be opposite each other, at the distance of twenty-two yards.

The party which goes from home shall have the choice of the innings and the pitching of the wickets, which shall be within thirty yards of a centre fixed by their adversaries.

When the parties meet at a third place, the bowlers shall toss up for the pitching of the first wicket, and the choice of going in.

The Bowler must deliver the ball with one foot behind the bowling crease and within the return crease; and shall bowl four balls before he changes wickets, which he shall do but once in the same innings. He may order the player at his wicket to stand on which side of it he pleases.

The Striker is out if the ball is bowled off, or the stump bowled out of the ground; or if the ball, from a stroke over or under the bat, or upon his hands (but not wrists) is held before it touches the ground, though it be hugged to the body of the catcher; or if, in striking, both his feet are over the popping crease, and his wicket is put down except his bat is grounded within it; or if he runs out of his ground to hinder a catch.

Or if the ball is struck up, and he wilfully strikes it again.

Or if in running a notch the wicket is struck down by a throw, or with the ball in hand before his foot, hand, or bat is grounded over the popping crease; but if a bail is off, a stump must be struck out of the ground by the ball.

Or if the striker touches or takes up the ball before it has lain still, unless at the request of the opposite party.

Or if the striker puts his leg before the wicket with a design to stop the ball, and actually prevents the ball from hitting the wicket by it.

If the players have crossed each other, he that runs for the wicket that is put down, is out; if they are not crossed, he that has left the wicket that is put down, is out.

When the ball has been in the wicketkeeper or bowler's hands, the strikers need not keep within their ground till the umpire has called play; but if the player goes out of his ground with an intent to run, before the ball is delivered, the bowler may put him out. When the ball is struck up in the running-ground between the wickets, it is lawful for the strikers to hinder its being catched; but they must neither strike at nor touch the ball with their hands.

If the ball is struck up, the striker may guard his wicket either with his bat or his body.

In single-wicket matches, if the striker moves out of his ground to strike at the ball, he shall be allowed no notch for such stroke.

The Wicket keeper shall stand at a reasonable distance behind the wicket, and shall not move till the ball is out of the bowler's hand, and shall not by any noise incommode the striker; and if his hands, knees, foot, or head be over or before the wicket, though the ball hit it, he shall not be out.

The Umpire shall allow two minutes for each man to come in, and fifteen minutes between each innings; when the umpire shall call play, the party refusing to play shall lose the match.

They are the sole judges of fair and unfair play, and all disputes shall be determined by them.

When the striker is hurt, they are to allow another to come in, and the person hurt shall have his hands in any other part of that innings.

They are not to order a player out unless appealed to by the adversaries.

But if the bowler's foot is not behind the bowling crease when he delivers the ball, the umpire, unasked, must call "no ball."

If the striker run a short notch, the umpire must call no notch.

BETS.—If the notches of one player are laid against another, the bet depends on both innings, unless otherwise specified. If one party beat the other in one innings, the notches in the first innings shall determine the bet.

But if the other party goes in a second time, then the bet must be determined by the number on the score.

MEN, MANNERS, AND THINGS IN ENGLAND,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY OUR CABIN BOY.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER FIFTEEN.

TOUCHING MONUMENTS—LORD NELSON'S—A SCOTCHMAN'S OPINION OF ENGLISHMEN—OTHER LANDMARKS OF THE OLD HEBO—WILL TOM SAYERS HAVE A MONUMENT?

If anybody who reads this should wish to become famous in England, have a monument erected to his or her memory after death, don't look for such a consummation outside of London. I know every town has one or more, according to its population, but it must be an extraordinary character, indeed, to have his graven image exalted in such a mixed up place as Liverpool. There is only one monument, to my knowledge, in the whole place, and that one to the memory of Lord Nelson. It is situated in the centre of an area connected with the Exchange, and was cast in bronze, by Westmacott, in 1813. The group of figures and pedestal are surrounded by an iron railing. The figures referred to were designed as an allusion to the four signal victories achieved by Nelson, the high reliefs between each, representing scenes from the immortal hero's splendid naval actions. The familiar motto of, "England expects that every man will do his duty," runs round the top of the pedestal. This reminds me of an anecdote told of two Scotchmen, who felt hurt that Nelson didn't say something about *their* countrymen, who acted such a conspicuous part in that same battle. You know what proverbial grumblers Scotchmen generally are. Just like them, therefore, they must have their growl. Says one, "How the de'l is't they never speak of Scotchmen at all?" "Tut, tut," replies the other Sawney, "dont' ye ken that our canny hearties ne'er wanted remindin' at all? He knew very well Scotland wad do *her* duty, but was compelled to warn the Englishmen, for fear they shouldn't." Not bad for old Oatmeal Porridge, was it?

Naturally enough, and very proper, the figure of Nelson is the principal one in the group. Victory is in the act of crowning the hero's sword with another conquest, while Death is seen stealing from beneath the folds of the fallen flags of the enemy, touching with icy palm the "heart's warm region throbbing last." Britania appears at the back of the figure, mourning the fate of her son, while a dauntless seaman seems starting, with all the energy of life, to strike a death blow. The whole thing is chaste and classical, displaying great ingenuity and taste in design. The drapery of the lower flag is very happily arranged, concealing the loss of the hero's "good right hand." This monument was erected by public subscription, raised in a few days. The total cost amounted to $45,000.

I was much better pleased with the design of this than either those of Birmingham or London, both of which places have costly and handsome statues erected in honor of the same man. The one in Birmingham is stationed in a hollow square, called the Bull Ring, perhaps on the lowest spot of ground they could possibly select. It is in the busiest part of the town, however, and that accounts for it. You ought just to stand on the corner of High and New streets some market day, and study men, manners, and things in general, of this busy little square, the Bull Ring. In London, now, it's quite the other way. Instead of being erected in the lowlands, Lord Nelson has one of the loftiest columns in England, right in Trafalgar Square, facing the Horse Guards, Houses of Parliament, and all the abodes of royalty. In my good-for-nothing opinion, here he is the right man in the right place.

Many a time have I thought what a fine thing it would have been for Tom Sayers, if the Benicia Boy had given him a "croaker." Not that I'd like to see the little hero killed (you all know me too well for that), but for the sake of seeing a monster statue and Egyptian column erected to his memory. There's very little difference between Sayers and Nelson, in a manner of speaking, and barring education, they are, or were, alike in more respects than one. I could go into the private history of both men, and astonish people, but have no inclination to now, and hope to keep such secrets forever sacred in my own "buzzum." Don't you wish you may get it?

THE STONE PIERS OF LIVERPOOL—PRINCE'S DOCK—PRINCE'S PIER AND SCENES THEREABOUTS—THE LAST LETTER FROM EUROPE.

It has always been the boast of Liverpudlians that their docks beat the world, and well may they be proud of these massive piles of masonry, for they almost deserve to be classed as the eighth wonder of the world. Commencing at the New Battery, at the end of Huskisson Dock, they extend along the shore for miles and miles. By a chain of these docks, communication is had with the Leeds Canal and River Mersey. This range of docks may be considered the wonder of the time, whether looking at the spacious Graving Docks, with their immense floodgates—some of which are eighty feet span—or the admirable way in which the work is executed. Their magnitude only equals their solidity. They seem constructed to defy time.

The principal dock, Prince's, will serve to illustrate the whole, and as matters of this kind are so different from the general run of these letters, however instructive they may be, I shall be excused for making it as short as convenient. The first stone of Prince's Dock was laid in 1816, and it was opened with great ceremony on the day of the coronation of King George IV, July 19, 1821. On one side as you enter, are the inbound vessels discharging their cargoes; on the other, those destined for foreign ports, taking in their valuable freights.

The dock is 500 yards long, 106 yards wide, and covers an area of 57,129 yards. Sheds are erected all round to protect the goods landing or being shipped, from the inclemency of the weather. Crossing over a bridge at one end, the dock gates become objects of notice, and cannot help but be admired for their solidity and magnitude. They are 45 feet wide, 34 feet deep, and will admit vessels at half tide. To each of these gates four men are stationed, controlled by a dock master, whose duty it is to superintend the arrangements of the berthing of ships, shifting, etc.; to prevent unnecessary delay.

At the south-east corner of Prince's Dock Basin is what is called the "Gridiron"—a sort of platform with transverse bars, upon which a vessel is placed, so that when the tide recedes, she may undergo an examination or any repairs that may be requisite, occupying but a short time, and thereby saving much expense.

By a little inquiry of the hangers-on loafing around the quays, and slipping a coin with V. R's likeness thereon into their dirty fists, one can learn where a first-class American packet ship or "liner" may be found. Once aboard, and after feeing the stewards (they take things here, even on American ships, but not at your end of the line,) you can get put through the rounds of the "accommodations" which are to be found on board these vessels. I had such a sickening, when going over in the "Plymouth Rock," that I didn't care to explore much, only popping in and out of the cabins, winking at the stewardesses (white girls, remember,) and cutting up capers. Quitting the "liner," and taking a back track, we soon found ourselves on the pier.

Prince's Pier, or Marine Parade, commands a noble view of the Mersey, particularly at high water. On the opposite side is the Cheshire shore. At the extreme point northward are the Rock Fort and Light House, the latter object displaying, at night, intense revolving red and white lights. Near these may be seen New Brighton, next Liscard, then Egremont, with its pier and hotel; next Seacombe, with its pier and hotel, directly opposite our standing point; Woodside Ferry appears to the left, next Birkenhead (where George Francis Augustus Train established the first street railway in Europe,) while still further in the distance, southward, may be seen the Royal Rock and New Ferries. The river opposite is called the Sloyne, and is the anchoring for windbound vessels, or those unable to enter the docks in severe weather. Prince's Pier is 750 yards in length and 11 in breadth, the edge being defended by a parapet three feet high. It has five landing places for boats running to Eastham, Rock, Tramnere, Monks, Woodside, and Birkenhead ferries. There are also parades or walks, so that an almost uninterrupted promenade can be enjoyed. This pier is a place of much resort on Sunday evenings by young lovyers, and during the summer months. Every fine day, at tide time, crowds of people flock to see the vessels, under full sail, outward bound.

When the Great Eastern last left port, Prince's Pier was packed like sardines with men, women, and children, shouting, screaming, and waving of handkerchiefs to friends or acquaintances bound for home, or on a visit to the Empire City of the world. It was a sight long to be remembered, and with the Big Ship's band playing "The Girl I left Behind me," and other touching and appropriate tunes, you can partly imagine the state we were in.

In my next will be the first instalment of the trip homeward, *via* the Great Eastern.

THE HORRID BRUTE.—A London currier, wishing to inform the public that he would make up furs in a fashionable manner out of old furs which ladies have at home, appended the following to one of his advertisements: "N. B.—Capes, victorines, &c., made up for ladies in fashionable styles, out of their own skins!"

ABOUT DRAFTING.—Among the excuses offered for exemptions, some are extremely ludicrous. In Smyth County, we learn, one man, in enrolling himself, wrote opposite his name, "One leg too short." The next man that came in, noticing the excuse, and deeming it pretty good, thought he would make his better, and wrote opposite his name, "Both legs too short!"

THEATRICAL RECORD.

MOVEMENTS, BUSINESS, AND INCIDENTS OF THE THEATRICAL, CIRCUS, MUSICAL, AND MINSTREL PROFESSION.

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Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
BRYANT BROTHERS, Proprietors. JOHN SIMPSON, Treasurer.
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SEVENTH YEAR OF THE ORIGINAL WORLD-RENOWNED BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,
THE EXCELSIOR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
The Company is composed of the following talented Artists:—

DAN BRYANT,		NEIL BRYANT,
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In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Plantation Scenes, &c., &c. For Particulars see bills of the day.
Tickets 25 cents. 37-tf

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.
This popular establishment will
COMMENCE THEIR SIXTH REGULAR SEASON
MONDAY EVENING, AUG. 4th.
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS
Consist of the following Gentlemen:

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J. L. GILBERT,	J. J. HILLIARD,
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The Management call particular notice to the above distinised array of Talent.
Tickets 25 cents; Reserved Seats 50 cents.
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HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, BROOKLYN,
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HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS.
Comprising the following well known members of the profession.

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W. H. LEWIS,	T. M. HAYS,
F. HONEYMAN,	T. McNALLY,
J. RILEY,	PROF. STRAUB,
H. HEMPE,	MASTER EDDIE,
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Who will appear nightly in a superior entertainment, embracing all that can be included in the repertoire of Ethiopian Minstrelsy. For particulars, see programmes.
Doors open at 6¾; to commence at 7¾. Tickets 25 cents.
31-tf

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is the only Place of Amusement of the kind in New York. Managers have sought to rival us, but they have all signally failed and vanished
ONE BY ONE
until we are left alone in the field.
Our penny rivals might as well try to hold a penny candle to the sun as to have tried to imitate
THE ONE—THE ONLY—THE FIRST—THE BEST
CONCERT HALL IN AMERICA,
THE GREAT AMERICAN MUSIC HALL. 39-

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Sole Lessee and Proprietor.....FRED. AIMS.
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The Song Bird of America.
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The Premiere Danseuse of the age.
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MISS KATE HUGHES,	C. W. PARKER.

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And the famous Continental Corps de Ballet; together unequalled and unapproachable, and a large Corps of Auxiliaries.
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Parquet.....25 cts.	Seats in Private Boxes...50 cts.
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Doors open at quarter before 7 o'clock.
Performance will commence at 8.
Artists of known ability, desiring engagements, will please address as above. 37-tf

LEA'S MELODEON,
BALTIMORE, MD,
The above Establishment, carried on by the former Proprietor of the
NEW YORK MELODEON,
Is now in the full tide of success, engaging none but the most TALENTED PERFORMERS IN THE PROFESSION.
Strangers, visitors to Baltimore, must not forget to pay us a visit when they pass this way, as they will be sure to meet all the "NEW YORK FOLKS."
Performers of talent (and none others) can get larger Salaries, and better Engagements at this Establishment, than at any Concert Hall in the United States. Fare and traveling expenses paid from any place in the United States.
Apply by letter to Baltimore Melodeon, Md., or at 616 Broadway, New York City. 35-tf

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This new and beautiful temple of amusement will be completed and
OPENED FOR THE SEASON,
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9th, 1862.
For elegance and comfort, this Hall will not be excelled by any similar establishment in the country. VERY SUPERIOR ENTERTAINMENTS, embracing Pantomimes, Ballets, Ethiopian Acts, Singing, Dancing, &c., &c., will be given.
First class artists desiring engagements may address
POST OFFICE BOX, 506,
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GREATEST TRIUMPH OF THE SEASON.
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ONE WEEK MORE,
Mr. WOOD respectfully announces that in order to accommodate the MANY THOUSANDS who were
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During the past two weeks, to witness the performance of the great African version of Meyerbeer's Grand Opera of
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In new Songs, Dances, Plantation Scenes.
DINAH (DINORAH,)
THE PARDON PELL-MELL.
Doors open at 6½; commence at 7½ o'clock. Tickets 25 cents.
No connection with any other Troupe assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 39-

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Great and Original Equestrian Drama, in Four Acts,
Written by W. B. English, Esq., entitled
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As played by her 21 nights to overflowing houses, and acknowledged by the Press of Boston to be the most Daring Feats of Equestrianism ever witnessed on any stage.
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MISS FISHER will appear at TORONTO, December 8th, for two weeks.
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ARLINGTON, LEON & DONNIKER'S MINSTRELS, from 585 Broadway, New York, comprising the following talented performers:—

WILLIAM ARLINGTON, Comedian;	ALBERT JONES, Comedian;
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EDWIN KELLY, Tenor and Light Comedian;	SAMUEL PRICE, Comedian;
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	FRANK SPOHER, Cornet;
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[From the Cincinnati Inquirer.]
"This splendid troupe of minstrels, the best that has ever visited our city, remains at Smith & Ditson's Hall, one week longer. They drew an immense audience at the above hall last night, but when we take into consideration the musical ability and talent that comprise the company, the cause thereof is fully explained."
Due notice will be given of their return East.
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After a most successful season of over Eleven months, is now open with the following Company:

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MISS JOHANNA CLIFFORD,	MISS FLORENCE WELLS,
MISS LIDA HIBBARD,	MLLE FLORA,

MLLE LOUISE WALBY,

EDWARD BERRY,	WM. M. REEVE.	T. H. JEFFERSON,
TOM CONY,	GEO. P. JAQUES,	NICK FOSTER,
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A LARGE BALLET TROUPE.
Ballet Master.....SIGNOR CONSTANTINE,
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These, with many minor members constitute
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The Autocrats of Ethiopeanism,
THE MODEL TROUPE OE THE WORLD,
Under the direction of the Great Wit and Humorist,
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Are meeting with great success throughout this state—everywhere greeted by full houses—and their performances pronounced by the Press, and Public Inimitable and Unapproachable. Everything
NEW, FRESH, AND ORIGINAL.
They will visit all the Principal Cities in the
NEW ENGLAND STATES,
Introducing their
GREAT CHALLENGE PROGRAMME,
BY THE
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Stars visiting California should remember that Mr. Maguire is also proprietor of Hayes' Park, San Francisco; the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, Sacramento and Marysville. 36-tf

"COM. FOOTE'S TROUPE."
SOON TO APPEAR AT
SPALDING & ROGERS'S MUSEUM, NEW ORLEANS.
COM. FOOTE, the most extraordinary pigmy of the century, has just returned from Washington, from a "Convention" of all the "Little Men" now living. While in Washington, he was made the recipient of a "Gold Medal" for being the smallest and most perfect man of his age, now living. He is 11 inches smaller than the renowned "Tom Thumb," and 3 inches smaller than "Commodore Nutt." He is accompanied by his companion, "Col. Small," who is equally as wonderful; also by Miss M. C. ELLINGER, Pianist and Vocalist, who is the composer of no less than 300 pieces of music, and by Prof. BROOKS, the blind boy, who is still more wonderful than blind "Tom;" being a fine Pianist and Violinist.
This Company is under the whole control of COL. ELLINGER, Dr. R. P. LONG, acting as Treasurer.
The Troupe will open in New Orleans about the 1st of January.
37-4t*

CORINTHIAN HALL,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
This long established and popular place of Amusement continues under the same Management that for 13 years of assiduous attention to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, has won for it the reputation of being one of the most popular and best conducted places of Amusement in the State.
Apply personally, or by letter, to
W. A. REYNOLDS.
21-6m* 59 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

MASONIC TEMPLE, LOUISVILLE, KY.—This Hall is now open for the accommodation of FIRST CLASS TRAVELING COMPANIES; has Stage, Dressing Rooms, and all the modern improvements necessary for a First Class Hall. Will seat comfortably 1200 persons. For terms, &c., apply to
ROBERT C. MATHEWS,
Agent Masonic Temple,
31-3m Louisville, Ky.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager,.....WM. WHEATLEY.
THIRD WEEK.
CONTINUED SUCCESS,
OF THE
GRAND, ROMANTIC, SPECTACULAR DRAMA,
FAUST AND MARGUERITE,
MR. J. B. ROBERTS
AS
MEPHISTOPHILES,
EVERY EVENING UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.
The Scenery entirely new, by J. H. SELWYN.
New Dresses, by Mons PHILLIPE and Assistants.
New Appointments, by GEO. W. LETZINGER.
Novel Mechanical Effects, by RUNYON & DEMILT.
And a FULL AND EFFICIENT CHORUS, under the direction of HARVEY B. DODWORTH.
Doors open at 7, to commence a quarter before 8 o'clock.
With the exception of the Press, no free list. 39-

BROOKLYN ARENA,
RAYMOND STREET,
BETWEEN FULTON AND DE KALB AVENUES.
Erected at immense cost by.....Mr. CALVIN WITTY.
GRAND OPENING
OF THE
NEW AMPHITHEATRE,
Lessee and Manager.....S. Q. STOKES.
"The Arena" has been constructed at an immense outlay by the proprietor, Mr. Calvin Witty, as a permanent Institution, and for the entertainment of large and select audiences. The interior is elegantly and commodiously fitted up with dress circle, upper tier and Palco Boxes, in the most substantial manner. The auditorium which partly surrounds the arena, commands from every point a full and perfect view of the STAGE and RING, in which the various feats and representations will be given. The house is brilliantly lighted, well ventilated, besides being pleasantly warmed by means of patent air-heaters placed in the ground. The means of ingress and egress are so perfect, that an audience of two thousand spectators may leave the premises in the space of two minutes—the doors, both front and rear, being so arranged that they can be at any moment instantly thrown open the whole width of the opening on two streets.
PERFORMANCES UNEXCEPTIONABLE.
It is the intention of the proprietor to give such a class and variety of entertainments at the "Arena," both in the circle and upon the stage, as shall command the respect and admiration of the public, pledging himself to exclude everything that can be in the slightest degree objectionable to morality or good taste.
The most distinguished
RIDERS AND GYMNASTS
of the age are attached to this beautiful troupe. Among the attractions of the Arena is
OMAR KINGSLEY,
In his great and inimitable
ELLA ZOYARA
Act of Horsemanship, celebrated throughout all Europe and this country as the most perfect exhibition of Equestrianism ever witnessed.
EQUESTRIAN PAGEANTS AND CAVALCADES,
In which Mrs. James M. Nixon, assisted by a troupe of
LADY EQUESTRIANS,
Will appear in
COMIC PANTOMIMES,
BALLETS and BURLETTAS,
FAIRY SCENES, MASQUERADES,
TOURNAMENTS, &c, &c,
Will be represented with the combined effect of both Stage and Ring, conjointly, aided by magnificent scenery, costly wardrobe, horse trappings, housings, and other brilliant accessories.
Leader of Band.....Mr. ROBERTSON.
EQUESTRIAN MATINEES
For the convenience of schools and families, will be given daily, commencing at half past two o'clock.
Evening performances commence at 7. Doors open at 6¼ o'clock.
Dress circle 50 cents, Children 25c. Second tier Boxes 25 cents. Palco Boxes may be secured for parties on application through the day time at the Box Office. 38-

BROADWAY MENAGERIE AND ZOOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, Broadway, below Houston street.—L. B. LENT, Manager.—This elegant and attractive School of Natural History is now open daily from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M., with the most splendid collection of
LIVING WILD ANIMALS
upon this continent, including four Elephants, Lions, Tigers, Bears, Hyenas, &c.
Admission 25 cts.; Children under 10, 15 cts.
The animals will be fed at 3 o'clock P. M. 38-tf

NIBLO'S SALOON.
GOODWIN & WILDER'S
POLYMORAMA,
Will be on Exhibition for the first time, this week,
WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, DEC. 31,
And continue every afternoon (except Friday) and every evening (except Saturday.)
Scenes from the first
DREAD SIGNAL AT SUMTER,
Down to the last Great Battle.
Also, the Grand Naval Fight between the
MERRIMAC AND MONITOR.
Doors open at 7 o'clock, Performance at ¼ to 8.
Afternoons open at 2 o'clock, commence at ½ past 2.
Admission 25 cts; Reserved Seats 50 cts.
Children accompanied by their Parents to Reserved Seats, 25 cts.
Grand Performances every afternoon at ½ past 2 o'clock, during the Holiday Week. No Performance Tuesday and Saturday nights. Carriages may be ordered evenings at ½ of 10 o'clock; afternoons at ½ past 4 o'clock. 37-4t*

NOTICE—PROFESSIONALS.
FOR SALE—THE GREAT CABINET!
OF
ROBERT HELLER!!
THE CELEBRATED PRESTIDIGITATEUR AND PRINCE OF WIZARDS,
The cost of which was over $2000.
It is to be sold to pay charges on them, at New Orleans, where they are now on storage.
Altogether it is one of the
FINEST APPARATUS EVER EXHIBITED.
The following is a List of a few Articles, as I can remember them:—

1..Witch's Card Pole,	24..The Card Mill.*
2..Magic Clock,*	25..Changing Wine,
3..Doves and Flowers,*	26..Sultan's Port,
4..Mysterious Coins,	27..Cabalistic Laundry,
5..Arab Chief,*	28..Ribbon Bottle,
6..Lucifer's Punch Bowl,*	29..Crystal Casket,
7..Dice Boxes,	30..The Chair,*
8..Great Cannon Trick,	31..The Cauldron,
9..The Cornucopia,*	32..Crystal Bulls,
10..Garland of Flowers,*	33..Pieces of Money,
11..Canary Birds,	34..Clock and Bell,
12..Packing Cases,*	35..The Wind Mill,*
13..Voltigeur,*	36..The Orange Tree.*
14..Obedient Dove,	37..The Magician,*
15..Inseparables,	38..The Harlequin,*
16..Fan and Cannon Balls,	39..The Confectioner,*
17..Infernal Medicines,	40..Bowls of Fish,
18..The Cone,*	41..Suspension,*
19..Prolific Hats,	42..Magic Drums,*
20..Inexhaustible Bottle,	43..Telescope,
21..Coffee Pot,	44..Rifle Feat,
22..Ladies Favorite,	45..Ball of Yarn,
23..Great Picture Frame,	&c., &c., &c., &c.,

* Mechanical.
The whole consists of over 70 cases, large and small.
There are a great many more Tricks that I cannot remember.
Gilt Tables, Chairs from President's House, property of ex-President Madison; 1 large Gilt Table, small Tables, Chairs, Tripods, &c., covered with Blue Cloth, and worked in Silk Flowers; 1 very large Gilt Table, handsomely carved and gilded, cost nearly $300; Cut Glassware, Silverware, Platedware, Stage Curtains, Carpet, Brussels, Canvass Boards, Hardware, Tinware, &c.; and a great many valuable articles too numerous to mention.
Those wishing information as to sale of them, or any information concerning them, please address
JAMES ROLANDO O'BRYON,
corner of 12th and D streets,
Washington City, D. C.
Or to JAMES WEST,
No. 112 St. Charles street,
33-2t* New Orleans, La.

WASHINGTON HALL CONCERT ROOM,
WHEELING, VA.,
The only Room in the City suitable for
CONCERTS, THEATRICAL AND MINSTREL PERFORMANCES,
Situated in the heart of the City,
CORNER OF MARKET AND MONROE STREETS,
Immediately opposite the McLure House,
Easy of Access,
and Unsurpassed for Strength in the United States.
The Room is 104 feet long by 54 feet wide, 24 feet ceiling, including a Stage 28 by 30 feet, with four Dressing Rooms, and Scenery; Brilliantly Lighted and furnished with Arm Chairs.
☞ Let on accommodating terms.
36-4t* Washington Hall Building, Wheeling, Va.

NEW MEMPHIS THEATRE.—This popular place of Amusement is now open for the Season, with a full and Talented Company. STARS wishing Nights will please address
C. T. PARSLOE, New York,
or B. R. MAGINLEY, Acting Manager,
28-14t Box 410 Memphis, Tenn.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
One of the most finished and beautiful structures in the West. Stars will please address JOHN A. ELLSLER, Manager. 24-

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 5.
MR. LINGARD begs to announce to his patrons and the public generally, that he has effected an engagement with that celebrated and unrivalled Pantomimist,
MONS. MARZETTI,
For many years a principal in the wonderful Ravel Troupe; also,
MONS. TOPHOFF,
Principal Dancer and Pantomimist; and
MADAME MARZETTI, Premier Danseuse,
Assisted by a full Corps de Ballet.
MONS. MARZETTI
In his world-renowned and unrivalled character of

JOCKO,	JOCKO,	JOCKO.

Mons. Tophoff....as....Pepo. | Madame Marzetti...as....Cora.
The great Nautical Drama of
THE LONELY MAN OF THE OCEAN.
Mr. G. C. Boniface.....as.....Jack Jolly
Mrs. W. G. Jones.....as.....Eve
With, for the first time in this country, the last new London Farce of
JACK'S DELIGHT.
Mr. G. Brooks and Miss Fanny Denham. 39-

WINTER GARDEN.
POSITIVELY LAST NIGHTS
Of those popular and delightful artists,
MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS,
Who will appear every evening in their charming impersonations of
IRISH AND YANKEE CHARACTER,
And commence an engagement at the
WALNUT STREET THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA,
On
MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 12th.

MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS,
AND
MR. PETER RICHINGS,
Have concluded their very successful engagement of six weeks, at
FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON, D. C.
These eminent and popular Artists are now performing at
MRS. DREW'S, ARCH STREET THEATRE,
PHILADELPHIA,
Commencing Monday, January 5th, 1863.
39-tf A. S. PENNOYER, Agent.

THEATRICAL, LITERARY, CONCERT, AND EQUESTRIAN AGENCY, 614½ Broadway.—WANTED, for FIRST CLASS SALOONS, in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, LADY VOCALISTS, and DANSEUSES, ETHIOPEAN PERFORMERS, ACROBATS, &c. Apply to
J. CONNOR & CO., 614½ Broadway, N. Y.
P. S.—TO L. M. BAYLESS, of the Metropolitan, Detroit, Mich.—I have written you the last letter that I intend to write you concerning money matters. Please answer this, and save yourself further trouble. J. CONNOR, Theatrical Agent,
39-1t 614½ Broadway, N.Y.

CONCERT HALL,
HELENA, ARK.
SMITH, MURPHY & FREEBERTHYSER, Proprietors.
Entertainments every Evening,
BY THE
SABLE HARMONISTS,
Comprising the following talented Ethiopian Artists
J. W. SMITH,
J. B. MURPHY,
MARTIN FREEBERTHYSER,
E. D. GOODING,
J. H. STOUT,
JOHN FREEBERTHYSER,
HENRY FREEBERTHYSER,
JOHN COLE,
CHAS. SANDFORD,
GEO. W. NORTHROP,
In conjunction with
LA BELLE LOUISE,
The charming Danseuse and Vocalist,
AND
MDLLE THEODORA,
The fascinating Prima Danseuse.
Artists of recognised merit, wishing engagements, will apply to J. B. MURPHY, Helena, Ark.
Higher Salaries paid than by any Management in the country.
38-2t*tf

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE,
LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.
This truly elegant and very beautiful theatre is kept open during the whole of the year.
AMERICAN STARS,
of acknowledged position and talent negotiated with, for long or short engagements, as mutual interests may require.
Address, ALEX. HENDERSON,
45tf Sole Lessee and Proprietor.

ATHENÆUM,
COLUMBUS, OHIO.
This Theatre has undergone extensive alterations and improvements. All first class perfomances, Concerts, &c., can rent it for nights, or play on shares, by addressing
JOHN A. ELLSLER, Academy of Music,
Cleveland, Ohio.
The Dramatic Season will commence on the 1st of January. Stars will please address as above. 24-

FOX'S CASINO,
CHESTNUT STREET, ABOVE SIXTH, PHILADELPHIA.
Under the Management of R. FOX, late of CANTERBURY HALL, New York.
The above commodious Place of Amusement is now open and doing a first rate business.
Performers of acknowledged ability can meet with good engagements by applying as above.
32-tf CHRIS NORRIS, Treasurer.

McVICKER'S THEATRE—CHICAGO, ILL.—A "Walking Gentleman" can have a permanent engagement by immediate application. Good reference required.
38-4t* J. H. McVICKER.

OPERA SHOES—CIRCUS PUMPS.
T. SOMERS, 278 BOWERY, Second floor,
Maker of every style of THEATRICAL GAITERS, SLIPPERS, &c., used by all branches of the Profession, superior and cheaper than can be had elsewhere. Orders from the country promptly expressed to all parts of the United States of America. [39-4t*]

WANTED.
A SITUATION as AGENT with a STAR or TRAVELING COMPANY, or as TREASURER in a THEATRE. Has a good knowledge of the business. Address HARRY GRAHAM,
39-3t Montreal, Canada East.

MISS MARY PROVOST,
THE GREAT VERSATILE ARTISTE,
Is performing a most successful engagement at "Grover's," Washington, D. C.
Business communications should be addressed to
SAMUEL COLVILLE,
39-3t* Grover's Theatre, Washington, D. C.

TO THE PROFESSION.—Being disengaged at present, I offer my services as BUSINESS AGENT or TREASURER for any theatre, or as TRAVELING AGENT for any kind of exhibition. Address COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN,
39-tf Clipper Office, New York.

HARRY HAPGOOD—Begs to inform the public that he can be found at the
"WALTONIAN,"
359 Broome street, under Brookes' Assembly Rooms.
The finest Cigars, Ales, Wines, etc. 39-3t*

MASTER WILLIE PAPE, PIANIST,
Previous to his departure for Europe, will give a
GRAND CONCERT AT IRVING HALL,
On WEDNESDAY EVENING, JAN. 7.
Assisted by a number of distinguished Artists.
Tickets 50 cts. Reserved Seats, 50 cts extra. 39-1t

CARD.—FRIEND QUEEN,—Permit me through the CLIPPER to return my thanks to the members of E. F. & J. MABIE'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE, for their kindness in assisting me on my way to Philadelphia; and at the same time, allow me to return my humble thanks to E. F. & J. MABIE, for their kindness to me from the time the accident happened up to the present period. I think that I am doing no more than my duty to let my friends and the public know that the Mabies are both gentlemen, and have always acted so to me, both in sickness and health. GEORGE W. WOODRUFF.
PHILADELPHIA, January 1st, 1863. 39-1t

W. TOMLIN, Baritone and Buffo Vocalist, from the "Royal Polytechnec" and "Sacred Harmonic Society," London, (and late with Gen. Tom Thumb,) is now open for engagements for Concerts, Festivals, or short tours, either in concerted music, (oratorio or secular,) songs, ballads, and vocal comedy. Address Box 172, Stratford, Conn. 39-1t*

CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL,
N. W. COR. FIFTH AND CHESTNUT STS., PHILAD'A, PA.
LARGEST AND MOST TALENTED COMPANY IN THE CITY.
☞ Ladies and gentlemen of known ability, will address
ROB'T GARDINER & HARRY ENOCHS,
32-3m Proprietors.

AGNES SUTHERLAND, THE SCOTTISH NIGHTINGALE, will be disengaged in a few days, after a highly successful engagement of four months at Canterbury Hall, Washington, D. C. Managers desirous of negotiating with her, will address 203 Bridge street, Brooklyn, N. Y. 39-2t*

BANJO AND JIG DANCING, TAUGHT BY J. BOGAN, 139 First avenue. Bogan's Banjos on hand for sale. 39-2t*

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, January 5, 1863.

The last week in the old year opened dull and heavy, and a corresponding feeling of depression was manifest in amusement circles; but with the passing away of the closing hours of 1862, the clouds broke, the moon shone out resplendently, and brightly broke the morning of the first day of the new year, 1863. With the going out of the old 'un, so went out the promises of dull business, and the new year ushered in most bountiful products, gladdening the hearts of our managers, brightening the "urbane countenances" of our treasurers, and creating a perfect looseness in our financial exchequer generally. On New Year's day, the gay and festive he cusses had it all their own way, thronging the streets through the day, and the many places of public resort and amusement at night; but if the men folks splurged on the first, what shall we say of the still gayer and still "festiver"—how's that, Web., got that down in your big spelling book?—she cusses who came out on "lady day," the 2d? Well, there, if ever you saw a crowd in the streets, that was the day. From morning till night, they were going and coming, popping in here, leaving their cards there, and cutting up hallelujah-i-o like regular female bricks. Some of 'em got tight, too—but this is between ourselves, you know—and said and did things which in "their sober moments" they would be heartily ashamed of. We keep mum on this subject, though. Yet the dear creatures did not forget our theatres, our minstrel halls, and other exhibitions, but, as if to make up for being deprived of seeing the show on New Year's night, they crowded every place of amusement in town. That's so. At some of the halls they outnumbered the men two to one, and the week closed firm and animated on the 3d, the various houses being all well attended on that night, too.

In last week's CLIPPER we showed where a Sunday paper, of this city, in its anxiety to run us off the track, in the theatrical business, manufactured a letter in its office, and signed the *nom-de-plume* of one of our correspondents to it, without his sanction or knowledge. We intimated that if such a thing was done in one instance, it was doubtless done in many other instances. We did not give the name of this unscrupulous Sunday paper, and, therefore, unintentionally implicated all. To make the matter clear, we ought to state that the journal referred to is the *Sunday Mercury*, the proprietors of which publish *three* different papers, and yet are endeavoring to crush the life out of us, that they may also occupy the ground now occupied by the CLIPPER. Now, if it is to be a *fair* fight, crack your whip, and "count us in;" but if foul work is to be the rule with our mercurial neighbors, we are not on it, and will "let them alone," very severely. For the information of those of the profession who may be inveigled into sending them a letter now and then, let us state that such letters *do not appear in the New York city edition, at all.* They are printed in what *they* call a "country edition," for such "small towns" as Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati, and St. Louis. This "country edition," published on Saturday, for those places, *cannot be had in New York city.* The proprietors seem to be ashamed to sell it here in New York city; so that the movements of the profession, so far as they are mentioned in the correspondence of said "country edition," are not seen by the New York public. A few brief extracts may be made from them, suitable for this "city" market, and that is all. What appears in one copy of the CLIPPER, appears in all, without curtailment, or alteration of any kind. In noticing this small business of our neighbors, we do not attach any importance to the stuff they dish up as theatrical news. It is a stupid mess of trash, the editors seemingly looking more to quantity than quality. What appears in the CLIPPER is reliable and to the point. Having made this explanation, in justice to fair-dealing Sunday journals, we drop the subject, and move on in the even tenor of our way.

At Wallack's, the "Invisible Husband" did not draw much of a house on Monday; but on the following evening, the theatre was well filled, the play being the "School for Scandal." Anything with a little scandal in it, will always draw. After Wednesday evening, standing room, even, was almost at a premium here, the ladies occupying the seats in full force.

The fiddler, Mr. E. Mollenhauer, announces an operatic concert for Jan. 6, at Irving Hall, on which occasion Mr. M.'s new tragic opera of the "Corsican Bride" is to be brought out. Talking of fiddling, a music teacher once wrote that the "art of playing on a violin requires the nicest perception, and the most sensibility of any art in the known world." Upon which a brother quill makes answer that "the art of publishing a newspaper, and making it pay, and at the same time have it please everybody, beats fiddlin' higher than a kite." All of which we piously endorse, and "steadfastly believe."

The Forrest divorce case is settled at last, we believe; the Court of Appeals, at Albany, having affirmed the judgment of the other Courts, Dec. 31, 1862. The "sympathy for the woman," which was first *created* here on the trial some ten years ago, and which was then worked into the jury box, with what result we are all well aware, seems to have been carried along from Court to Court, until "womanly sympathy" reached the bench at the Court of last resort, and there the man's last chance was lost. We believe there is no other tribunal here to which the case can be carried. The decision grants the divorce to Mrs. Forrest, allows her out of *his* pocket the sum of $3000 yearly, and saddles a big bill of costs upon Mr. F. But the people will render to Mr. Forrest that justice which the Courts, in their sympathy for a woman, refused to accord him. By this last decision, Mrs. Forrest may marry again, but Mr. F. may not marry, according to our laws, while that lady lives. Although divorced, he is tied to her "until death do them part." "Is that the law?" quoth our readers. Yes, verily, it is what is *called* law with us, but it is the most outrageous violation of a man's rights that can be conceived of. Here is a woman divorced from her husband, and yet that man is still bound to her, in the eye of the law, as her husband. She may legally marry another, yet the "law" still regards the first as her husband. In a certain sense, it legalises bigamy and prostitution. Such law is a disgrace to any civilised people.

"Oh! de blessed lamb." "Hear 'um talk, hear 'um talk." "De nigger is free—halleloo." Such fun at Bryants' last week, you might have thought the "nigs." there were genuine mokes, included in ye honest Abe's emancipation anecdote. They're only the counterfeit, but that's just as good now-a-days; and the Bryant boys have done the dark business so long, that they're as much at home in black as in white. This week they are to "Wake up William Henry." Go see how they do it. Talking about "nigs," one of 'em, at an emancipation celebration the other night, very wisely told his "cullud brudders" that because they were free, they "mustn't be *too* free." Ah! ah! That contraband, like Jem Bags, "knows the vally o' peace and quietness."

This is the eighth and also, the last week of the engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams at the Winter Garden. Their business continues excellent. Barney was to have appeared as "Sir Patrick O' Plenipo, the Irish Ambassador," one night last week, but it is stated that Mrs. Chanfrau, who was cast for an important part in the piece, "failed to connect," and the "Irish Ambassador" was not performed, much to the disappointment of a large audience assembled to see Barney do the genteel thing "fur wonst." It is announced for this evening, however, "honor bright."

"And there were giants in those days," says the book of holy writ—we *think* it may be found within the lids of that book—and there are giants in these days, as you may see by looking in at the Old Bowery this week, where Monsieur Bihin, the Belgian Giant, is advertised to appear in the pantomime of "Jack and the Beanstalk." Whether it's the veritable Belgian or not, *we* don't know; but Belgian or Belgerine, he's a ripper, and no mistake. You know what size *we* are, don't you? Well, he actually looks down upon us. He's an *awful* big thing.

"Faust and Marguerite" had a large number of calls at Niblo's, last week, and all seemed pleased with their visit. The grand spectacle is now in fine running order, the machinery and fixings generally working beautifully. J. B. Roberts' Mephistophiles is conceded to be the best we have ever had here.

Isn't it about time that Barnum put an end to his deceptions? And does it look much like gentility and good breeding, for one professing to be a lady, and a fashionable one, too, to be a paid party to such deceptions? Last week we made mention of a small woman, a sort of dwarf, called Warren, to visit whom, at the St. Nicholas Hotel, we had previously received a circular of invitation. This circular stated that the woman would sail for Europe on the 29th of December, but she didn't go. A paltry excuse was made that her "jewelry" wasn't finished; then letters are supposed to have passed between her and Barnum, the latter making a bogus offer (to appear in print) for the fashionable dwarf to show at his Museum, which her "intended departure" would not permit her to accept. Instead of going to Europe, the dwarf went to Boston, probably to "see Barnum," or to be seen by him—all in the scheme, however. The up-shot of the matter is, that the dwarf exhibits herself under Barnum's management, at his Museum, in this city. We judged by the woman's manner at the St. Nicholas, that she was above such trickery as that which brings her to public notice. We perceive we were mistaken.

A Ravel party in the Bowery is certainly a novelty in the theatrical world, and yet a portion of the celebrated Ravel Troupe have been engaged by Mr. Lingard, of the New Bowery, and they will appear at that theatre all this week in pantomime, the opening one being Jocko, the Brazilian Ape, in which the great original, Mons. Marzetti, will ape the characteristics of the ape, and perform those many marvelous feats of agility for which he is so noted. Mad. Marzetti will also perform in the pantomime, together with Mons. Tophoff and others. Now we may, in reality, have a fair chance to see pantomime according to the unrivalled Ravel standard.

The goat at Wood's Minstrels, in the opera of Dinorah, is not to be sacrificed, as reported; for there is no truth in the statement that Mr. Wood forfeits his lease of the establishment if animals are introduced on the stage; no such thing. We believe such a clause is in the laws governing the Academy at Philadelphia, but even there the objection was waived in consequence of the harmless character of Mr. Grau's goat and other operatic animals. So the Wood goat will hold on, and the great burlesque on Dinorah be continued another week. Most of those who performed in the original version at the Academy have been to Wood's to see the burlesque. Susini and Brignoli were present one evening last week, and none seemed to enjoy the fun and outlandish music of the piece more than the great basso and the equally great tenor. The ladies overrun this hall last week. On the 2d of January, even the up stairs part was nearly taken by storm by the ladies.

"4-11-44"—beg pardon, we mean 444 Broadway, had its thousands of visitors last week, and this favorite music hall gave its patrons such a show as they seldom witness. The great ballet troupe takes down the boys, for the girls are pretty, have pretty understandings, and prettily use them. You ought to see them, the girls, we mean. This week Tony Pastor is on again, and the two Irish comedians, T. G. Riggs and J. C. Wallace. Drop in early, if you can, for the whole entertainment is good.

It is not true that Adah Isaacs Menken has retired from the stage. She is still in this city, where she has been spending the holidays in a quiet manner, but has no idea of leaving the profession. She has had several offers from managers in Louisville, Chicago, Baltimore, Washington, etc., but as yet has not decided which to accept. She will resume business at an early day.

Mr. Beller, of Beller's Music Hall, Detroit, is in town this week. Mr. Beller is one of the most honorable and square-dealing men in the profession.

Manager Fuller, of the Louisville Theatre, and also lessee of the National, Cincinnati, will be in town this week. He expects to commence the season at the National, Cincinnati, on the 19th of January, with a new company, and prices raised.

Grau commences another spasm of Italian Opera this evening, 5th, at the Academy. The opera is the Martyrs, in which Miss Kellogg will appear as Paolina, supported by Brignoli, Amodio, and Barili. Miss Kellogg soon leaves us for Europe. Grau deserves to succeed. He pushes things, and gets along with his troupe much better than we ever thought he would. They're a hard crowd for *one* man to tackle. An Italian Opera Troupe ought to have at least six managers, one for each of the principal singers. Isn't it so?

Harry Hapgood, well known in professional circles as agent for theatrical people and minstrels, is just now playing a new line of business. Harry is now proprietor of the "Waltonian," a very neat little saloon at 359 Broome street, where he will be glad to welcome his friends "or any other man."

The Webb Sisters, who have been fulfilling engagements in various parts of the country, sailed for Havana and the West India Islands, on the 3d inst., in the British steamer Pacific. They visit those places on a professional tour, and will be absent several months. The Webb Sisters played a very good engagement of eight weeks, recently, at Manager Buckland's Montreal Theatre. A prosperous trip to the Sisters is our earnest wish.

Sometimes our professional friends are at a loss where to purchase dancing and circus pumps, opera shoes, etc. Let us tell them while we think of it, that Mr. Somers, of 278 Bowery, manufactures all descriptions of theatrical, circus, opera, ballet, and other shoes, and at reasonable rates. See Mr. Somers' advertisement.

Mr. H. S. Rumsey, the great banjo player, formerly of the Rumsey & Newcomb Minstrels, has been quite ill in this city, for some days, but is now on the safe side once more.

The Treasurer of the Fire Department officially announces the receipt of $1.522 59 cts. as the proceeds of the benefit given at Niblo's Garden, Oct. 25, 1862, in aid of the Widow and Orphans Fund of the Fire Department. He also acknowledges the receipt of $100, as a donation from Mr. Wheatley, manager at Niblo's Garden.

The little pianist, Willie Barnesmore Pape, will give his first concert at Irving Hall, in this city, on Wednesday evening, 7th inst., when he will perform a number of his best pieces. This lad is but recently returned from a musical tour in Canada, where he met with very complimentary patronage, and received numerous introductory letters to influential parties in Europe. Master Pape wil probably soon leave us for a visit to Europe, where his marvellous musical talents will certainly ensure the young American a favorable hearing.

Exit "Blondette." This abominable "What Is It?" played itself out long ago, but was kept on the stage for the want of something better, until after the holidays. It was given for the last time on the 3d. Mrs. John Wood opens this evening, 5th, in "Jenny Lind," and the "Invincibles," at Laura Keene's.

Buckley's Serenaders closed out at Palace Music Hall on the 3d, and take possession of Stuyvesant Institute, Broadway, opposite Bond street, this evening, 5th, where those who did not care to walk to Sixth Avenue can now see them on our great thoroughfare. They will require more stage room, however, than the Stuyvesant can give them, we are inclined to think, supposing they continue those capital burlesque operas with which the name of the Buckleys is so closely associated.

We went one eye, the other day, on a fat girl exhibiting at a "Museum of Living Wonders," on Broadway near Houston street. The fat girl weighs six hundred and fifty-two pounds, and a slim one, her sister, "just eighteen years old," weighs only forty-eight pounds. At the heavy weight's request, we felt of her muscle. Now, if we hadn't another object in our eye, we might have been fascinated; but only think of the cost of hosiery and dry goods to keep such a heap of flesh and blood properly covered up! Could never stand it—never. She then confidentially told us that Barnum's Fat Gal had the consumption—that "her arms and breasts were quite soft, whereas mine are like cast iron. Feel 'em again!" says she. It is needless to say our first essay was quite sufficient, or that we didn't comply a second time. *You* go see her.

We made a call on the animals at the Zoological Institute, or Lent's Menagerie, Broadway, on New Year's day. In this show Mr. Lent has a very fair collection; he has eighteen cages, containing an American bison, Anglo Indian bull (said to be the only one in existence,) African powees and white guinea hen, blue and red macaws, grey parrots and cockatoos, blue-nosed mandrial, half a dozen monkeys, and a four-fingered ape (not the What-is-it,) Burmese cattle, Circassian goat, spotted hyena, ocelots or tiger cats, South American puma, black bear, prairie wolf, South American peccary, Brazilian tiger, silver lion of Brazil, African lioness, African leopards, Asiatic lion and lioness (two-year olds,) grisly bear (stone blind,) African lion (twenty years old,) and the elephants—Antony, Cleopatra, Victoria—and Mary, one old fellow, having shackles on. They are all of good size, and would make very good subjects for dissection. We enjoyed our visit very much, and after seeing these huge natural curiosities, we resumed our calls upon the ladies, some of whom, by the outlandish manner in which they were fixed up, and tittivated off, made just as good a show as the Menagerie. We saw many a bare show on New Year's day, and all for nothin', with refreshments thrown in. It's good to do New Year in New York.

The pleasures of "Merry Christmas" at Morrisania, N. Y., were added to on Christmas Eve by theatrical performances, etc., at the Atheneum. "The Young Widow," "The Merry Cobbler," and a musical olio, comprised the programme. Mrs. E. M. Greener, Miss Adah Ogden, Miss Minnie Martin, Miss M. Hoyt, and Messrs. Sam Lathrop, G. J. Maddox, Williams, and others, enacted their various characters creditably. In this connection we might state that it is thought by many of the "oldest inhabitants" in the vicinity of Harlem Bridge, above and below, that a moderately sized theatre, with a good versatile company, could do a good business there, as there are many patrons of amusements living in the neighborhood, who do not come down town because of the distance and trouble of getting home at night. Somewhere in the neighborhood of 120th street would be a good location, and if the present could be made to pay, there would be a fortune in the future, for the population is increasing rapidly. It is worth a thought.

DRAMATIC.

Quadroons and those of darker shade have separate places assigned to them, at the New Orleans Varieties, as will be seen by the following sliding scale of prices now in vogue there:—parquet and dress circle, 75 cts.; family circle, 50 cts.; white gallery, 25 cts.; quadroon gallery, 50 cts.; colored gallery, 25 cts. We see no place allotted for Boucicault's "octoroons," and therefore presume they pass in with the white folks.

J. H. Hackett dove-tailed two nights in at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., last week, including the last night of the old year and the first of the new. Our Providence friends seem to be a punctilious sort of people, and their Academy *ought* to be a very quiet and orderly place, for the bills announce that no ladies are admitted unless accompanied by a gentleman, and whistling and all other noises are strictly prohibited. A little rough on the ladies, and not very inviting to those addicted to the annoying practice of whistling.

The company heretofore performing at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, are transferred this week to the Atheneum, in Columbus, Ohio, which has been fitted up in good style by Manager Ellsler, who wishes to give the citizens of the Capital City a place of amusement that will be worthy of their patronage.

On Saturday night, Dec. 27th, a complimentary benefit was given at the Academy, Cleveland, to Mr. James Lewis, the popular comedian of that establishment. We are pleased to learn that the house was crowded in every part, and a more brilliant audience is seldom gathered to do honor to any beneficiarie. Our correspondent, "Roscius," says of Mr. Lewis, that none have ever been more deserving in all respects, as an actor; and as a genial, unobtrusive gentleman off the boards. The crowning feature of the benefit was the presentation of a diamond pin (valued at $100,) by a number of Mr. Lewis' friends in Cleveland. It took "the boy" down a little, as it was a surprise to him, and to most of the audience, but he rallied, as the adjutant of the "Slim Brigade" should do, and replied in appropriate terms. May he long live to wear it, is the wish and hope of his friends in Cleveland, as well as in various other parts of the country where he has appeared more or less during the past ten years.

Miss Lizzie Parker was tendered a complimentary benefit at the Metropolitan, San Francisco, on the 5th Dec.

A Canadian gentleman wishes to obtain a situation as agent for a star, or a treasurer for a theatre. See advertisement.

G. A. Hough's company opened at Elmira, N. Y., on the 29th Dec. Mr. Harry Clayton is his leading man, and Mrs. H. A. Perry leading lady. A correspondent in Elmira says a rumor is prevalent that Mrs. Perry and Mr. Hough have been united in the bonds of matrimony. Is it so?

The company under the direction of Mr. J. C. Kelly are performing at Town Hall, Peterboro, Canada West. Mr. Kelly's effective forces now comprise, Annie Douglass, Emma Cushman, Mrs. E. T. Stetson; Messrs. E. T. Stetson, T. E. Wolfe, E. B. Coleman, W. S. Forrest, W. H. Young, Pemberton, and J. H. Brown. Mr. and Mrs. Stetson do the leading business.

The "Maryland Brigade Dramatic Association," now stationed at Maryland Heights, is composed of the gallant Kenley's Maryland Brigade, and among whom are several members of the old Studley Dramatic Association, of Baltimore. They had a stage erected at Williamsport, Md., and a number of scenes painted, intending to give a performance on the very night they received marching orders. They were obliged to leave the fixins behind them, but will endeavor to recover them ere long.

Jennie Hight, on the occasion of her benefit at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, on the 24th Dec., appeared as Josephine, the Child of the Regiment, which she performed with much taste and spirit. See notice in another part of this issue.

"Thalaba, the Destroyer," was the show piece produced for the holidays at Manager Fuller's Louisville Theatre. It was thought that the piece would run into the new year. Mr. Macauley was the Thalaba, and Mr. Martin Golden the demon Abdalda.

Last week, at the Pittsburgh Theatre, Miss Charlotte Thompson's "Little Fadette" brought up business, and on some nights it was difficult to obtain a seat after the commencement of the performances. Charlotte is making merry and money with her "little Cricket."

Frank H. Spicer, better known as Harry Franklin, a young Baltimore comedian, is attached to Alexander's Baltimore Battery, of Kenley's Brigade, now at Maryland Heights.

The Vice President of the United States was among those who proffered the complimentary testimonial to Miss Richings, alluded to in our last. This grand ovation was to have taken place at Ford's Theatre, Washington, D. C., on Dec. 31st., but the destruction of that theatre by fire on the 30th Dec., prevented its consummation. As it is very seldom that such an array of names is appended to a congratulatory card to an actor or an actress, we have thought proper to place the correspondence in our theatrical record, and thus hand it down to posterity, for a volume of the CLIPPER of the present time will be, almost, worth its weight in gold, as a work of reference, in years to come. The following is a copy of the reward of honor to our American actress and vocalist, Miss Caroline Richings, and is from the written letter, signed, sealed, and delivered to her:—

To Miss Caroline Richings, Ford's Theatre, Washington, D. C.:

In appreciation of your meritorious genius, both as a vocal and dramatic artiste, and of your flattering success, as prima donna and actress, during your present engagement in the city of Washington, the signers whose names are hereunto appended, congratulate you on your professional triumphs, offering a souvenir of their best wishes, feeling amply assured that your merit, genius, and moral worth, will always command that just acknowledgment which has been so universally accorded during your performance in our city, now extended into the second month, patronised, admired, and applauded by the most critical and refined audiences—indisputable proofs of the germ of genius and skill of merit. In confirmation of our appreciation and respect, you are hereby tendered a complimentary testimonial benefit, to take place at such time as you may deem proper to designate before your departure from the city. Respectfully, H. HAMLIN, Vice President of the United States.

SENATORS.

J. P. Hale,	Z. Chandler,
H. S. Lane,	W. N. Wilkinson,
James Harlan,	L. M. Morrell.

MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.

G. A Grow, Speaker House of Representatives.

E. G. Spaulding,	E. H. Rollins,
William Kellogg,	R. F. Granger,
T. G. Phelps,	F. A. Pike,
Cyrus Aldrich,	J. B. Blair,
F. W. Kellogg,	J. P. Chamberlain,
S. L. Casey,	J. F. Farnsworth.

OFFICERS AND PROMINENT PERSONAGES.

Colonel Webb,	J. C. McGuire,
J. M. Bolteler,	William Wilters,
John Coyer,	N. H. Boyden,
H. H. Stanton,	Samuel Phillips,
James G. Davis,	General Rufus King,

and others.

NATIONAL HOTEL, WASHINGTON, D. C., December 27, 1862.

To the Hon. H. Hamlin, Vice President of the United States, the Hon. Senators, Members of Congress and the numerous Signers of the Grand Complimentary Testimonial.

Gentlemen: With conflicting feelings of surprise and pleasure, I acknowledge the receipt of your complimentary favor. Yet all I can write would but feebly intimate my gratitude at the high honor you have so generously bestowed upon me. The testimonial you so kindly tender me I gratefully accept, gladdened that my professional efforts to please have met with that universal success, approval and respect, that your complimentary favor leads me to believe. Your flattering testifications of esteem I trust I may ever prove deserving of, respectfully suggesting Wednesday evening, the 31st inst., for the consummation of the grand complimentary testimonial. Gratefully and respectfully yours,

CAROLINE M. RICHINGS.

What do you think of Mazeppa tearing around the dress circle at the Front-street Theatre, Baltimore? You'd scarcely believe it, would you? Well, it is really said to be done by R. E. J. Miles and his Minnehaha, "whose terrific flight around the dress circle and the extreme height of the theatre, startles the audiences," according to the programme, from their usual propriety. We don't wonder at it. Adah Isaacs, wherefore are ye idle, when Miles is getting miles ahead of you in this Mazeppa business? Awake! awake! or be forever fallen—figuratively speaking, you know. But isn't it a prime go—this Mazeppa sensation?

We have advices from California to Dec. 9th, from which we opine that business was not very brisk in the Golden State. Our correspondent, "Bay View," gives us the following items touching the theatres, etc., in San Francisco:—"FRIEND QUEEN—The German performances at the American, Sunday nights, continue to be well patronised, and they richly deserve the liberal support bestowed by our German and American population, as the class of entertainment given is superior to anything presented at the present time in California. Mr. Reno Gruenwald has joined the company; and Mr. Emil Niemeyer, late of the New York Stadt Theatre, made his first bow before a San Francisco audience last Sunday evening, as Heenrich, an author, and a crazy beggar, in the comedy of 'Lorbeerbaum and Bettlestab.' Mr. Niemeyer made a very favorable impression; he is a comedian of much merit, and will be an acceptable addition to our already-splendid German company.

Metropolitan Theatre.—The business at this house has improved during the past week. Several of the comedies have been produced in good style, but I fear the manager has not put much money in his purse. Miss Parker has left Maguire's, and is engaged at the Metropolitan, for the production of English opera. 'The Daughter of the Regiment' is in rehearsal. Miss Parker as Marie, and S. W. Leach—by far the best singing and acting baritone in California—as Sulspizio. It has been a long time since we have had an English opera, and the season no doubt will be successful. There are rumors of new operatic recruits from New York for the Metropolitan. We need a good tenor and baritone very much, for Italian opera.

Maguire's Opera House.—Since Miss Parker left, the house has been devoted exclusively to the minstrels till last Friday evening, when the opera company made its *re-entree*, on the occasion of a complimentary benefit to Manager Maguire. The house was well filled, and I understand a large sum of money was realised. Since then, the opera company have opened in portions of opera, in connection with the company (comprising nearly all of the old Melodeon company,) each furnishing a portion of the performance. I give you, as a curiosity, the programme at Maguire's, Sunday evening:—

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

Immense combination of talent.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1862,

The performance will commence with the second act of

IL TROVATORE.

Azucena.....Signora Bianchi | Manrico.....Signor Bianchi
Leonora.....M'me A. States

To be followed by the third act of

ERNANI,

Ernani.....Signora Bianchi | Elvira.....M'me A. States

After which,

COMIC SONG.....Miss Lotta
DOUBLE JIG.....W. O'Neil and Tommy Peel
COMIC ACT—'Abraham's Daughter".....Ben Cotton
THE SEA, THE SEA.....Sam Wells
IRISH ECCENTRICITIES.....W. O'Neil and Tommy Peel

The whole to conclude with

A GRAND PLANTATION FESTIVAL,

by the Minstrel Company.

There is an entertainment for you. How would that suit Irving-place? California is a great country. The opera troupe and the minstrels will open in connection during the week, and monster entertainments are promised.

Bella Union Melodeon.—Business has fallen off, somewhat, of late, owing to a prevailing scarcity of green-backs. Mme. Eliza Biscaccianti and Geo. Evans are engaged at this place for one year, and are the *premier* attractions.

Gilbert's Melodeon does not seem to feel the hard times, and Manager Corbyn has such a host of talent engaged, that the house is crammed, lately, to its utmost seating and standing capacity.

McKean Buchanan remains at Sacramento, and is said to be doing a fair business.

Platt's New Theatre, in our city, is rapidly approaching completion, and will positively be opened by W. H. Leighton in a few days. It is to be called the 'Eureka Theatre,' and no doubt will be well patronised, as the location is superior to any theatre in the city.

A medley party, called H. B. Gates's Parlor Entertainments, are now on a tour among the mining towns and other places in Pennsylvania. They had been in Tamaqua, Pa., and expected to perform in Wilkesbarre, Pa., on Jan. 1st. The company consists of H. B. Gates and lady, W. W. Price and lady, Miss Marian, Miss Melville; Lynn Vern, acting manager and comedian; T. J. Oldfield, E. K. Burke, W. H. Hough, etc. They do comedy, farce, and Ethiopeanisms.

Mr. Forrest took a benefit and made his last appearance at the Boston Theatre on the 2d inst., in his great character of King Lear.

Mr. Couldock was the recipient of a benefit at the Howard, Boston, on the 2d inst., and appeared as Richelieu. The engagement closed on the 3d. Business was not good, we regret to state.

Jas. E. Murdock, the eminent tragedian and elocutionist, is about to start on a tour, prompted by patriotism. We honor the sentiment, and hope it will prove successful.

W. B. English caters most liberally for the amusement-loving public of Boston. Last week's programme, at the National, was decidedly a "big thing;" viz., "fourteen new singers and dancers, new plays, foot races and tableaux, three fast men, forty female minstrels, grand march of amazons, two great plays, etc." Surely, no more, nor greater variety could be served up on one dish.

We have news from Richmond, Va., by which we learn that two theatres are now in full blast in that city—the Richmond Varieties and the Broad-street Theatre. How we got hold of this news, and the programmes which we give below, is told in the following letter from Dan Worcester, once first old man at the Old Bowery Theatre, and elsewhere, but now 1st serjeant in Co. F, 27th Regiment C. V. Dan was among those who fought, bled, suffered, and almost died in the cause of our country at the battle of Fredericksburg, Va. Here is the "old man's" letter:—

CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, Dec. 28, '62.

MR. QUEEN—*Dear Sir*—Enclosed you will find the programmes of the Richmond theatres, taken from the *Richmond Examiner*, of Dec. 23d. I was on picket duty yesterday, on the Rappahannock River, and had a few words of conversation with some of the rebel pickets, one of whom gave me the Richmond paper referred to. I thought the theatrical portion would interest you, and therefore send it. I would have sent the whole paper, but it is so badly torn and soiled that you could scarcely make it out. I think Harry Macarthy [see below—ED.] must have spread himself considerably to have given nine thousand dollars to the rebels. Respectfully yours, DAN WORCESTER.

Annexed are the programmes referred to in Mr. Worcester's letter:—

RICHMOND VARIETIES. (Late Franklin Hall.)

One door below the Exchange Hotel.

Acting and Stage Manager.....D. Orsey Ogden

TUESDAY EVENING, December 23, 1862,

Second Night of the new Play of the

GUERILLAS.

Confederates.

Captain Arthur Douglass.....Walter Keeble	
Henry Douglass..C. H. Morton	Jerry (servant)..J. W. Thorpe
Blanton Douglass...G. Morton	Jack.....E. Grisham
Lieut. Ogden .....F. M. Bates	Mrs. Douglass...Mrs. C. DeBar
Wiry Willy.....E. Gorman	Rose Maylie..Miss Katie Estelle
Jim Gentry.....W. T. Wirt	Ellen Graham.Miss M. Jackson
Clayton.....G. Beckham	Mrs. Raymond...Miss Denham

Federals.

Maj. Gen. Fremont.J. Harrison	Fremont's Orderly..E.J.Brown
Col. Bradley.....G. Stevenson	Bill Stokes.....Q. Maximan
Maj. Tilton.....H. Smith	Wills Joe.....C. Warton

DANCE.....Miss Mary Partington
SONG.....Miss Rosamond Carncross

To commence with

LOVE IN ALL CORNERS.

Admission—Fifty and seventy-five cents.

BROAD STREET THEATRE

is crowded nightly by the handsome daughters and brave sons of our beloved South, to bestow their appreciation and applause on

HARRY MACARTHY,

The Soldier's Friend,

Who has given over Nine Thousand Dollars in aid of our suffering army.

Go See Miss LOTTIE ESTELLE,

And hear the Author of our National Songs,

And Go Early.

Admission, Seventy-five cents; Servants, fifty cents. Seats reserved for ladies and gentlemen accompanying them only.

JOHN W. HILLYARD, Business Agent.

Wheatley's company appears in Music Hall, New Haven, Ct., Jan. 7th, Mr. Hackett appearing as Falstaff, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." In the company is New Haven's favorite, Ada Plunkett, now Mrs. H. P. Grattan.

A niece of Chanfrau, the comedian, was married in Hoboken, N. J., on New Year's day, to Thomas H. Hall, Esq. The wedding is said to have been a magnificent affair; the bride's dress, a very costly one, was purchased in Paris by her father.

Geo. Vandenhoff, who has sailed along very pleasantly heretofore, "as he read—as he read," has at last come to grief in St. Louis and Chicago. It appears that while reading Hamlet, in St. Louis, one of the reporters there charged him with interpolating a fling at the people of the Eastern States. The passage in Hamlet which created the trouble is where the grave digger, in the fifth act, says:—"Hamlet, madness will not be noticed in *England; because there the people are as mad as he.*" It is charged that Vandenhoff read it *New* England, as a slur on the Yankees. Vandenhoff, we believe, denied the charge emphatically. There was trouble in St. Louis about it, and it is said that on one occasion he was hissed, but on the following night a party attended his reading, for the purpose of supporting and applauding him. The rumor of his "secession sympathies" did not lose anything in traveling to Chicago, and we hear that Mr. V. met with some rough usage in that city. We can scarcely believe Mr. Vandenhoff guilty of the interpolation with which he is charged, even to suit secession sympathisers in St. Louis. Were he really guilty, however, he would be as mad as those the grave digger so glibly prates about.

Miss Bateman performed at the Brooklyn Academy on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 31st and Jan. 1st, but we regret to state to very poor houses, comparatively, to what she has lately been in the habit of seeing. She was ably supported by Messrs. Wallack, Adams, A. H. Davenport, and Mr. T. E. Owens, in the "Hunchback," Mr. Owens' Fathom being quite a feature in the play, so admirably was the character sustained. The scenery, for once, was appropriate and good. In Pauline, on the 1st of Jan., Miss Bateman drew down the house by her acting, and Adams also created a very favorable impression. On both nights she was called before the curtain and loudly applauded.

Ford's Washington Theatre is no more. It was totally destroyed by fire on Tuesday evening, Dec. 30th, 1862, between the hours of five and six o'clock. The building, with its contents, was destroyed, the flames spreading with great rapidity, and baffling all efforts to save the establishment. Mr. Ford, we regret to hear, is a very heavy loser by the fire, but will no doubt go to work at once, and erect another theatre on the site of the ruins, or, if possible, select a better locality. John T. Ford is a worthy man and manager, a man of energy, who, after seasons of adversity, was now on the rise, and doing a splendid business at his Washington Theatre. This is said to be the second time Manager Ford has been burnt out. We hope it may be the last. The last performance given in the theatre took place on the 29th Dec., the play being "Fashion," with Mr. and Miss Richings in the cast; and we are sorry to learn that those artistes are great sufferers by the fire, the greater part of the wardrobe and music of the spectacles of "Satanella" and the "Enchantress" being destroyed. The company are all losers to a greater or less extent, and a benefit was given them at Grover's Theatre on the 3d. The walls of the building have been ordered to be taken down, to prevent accident. It was a fortunate thing that the fire did not break out while a performance was in progress, for in that case loss of life might have been added to loss of property. It is stated that Mr. A. S. Pennoyer, agent for Mr. and Miss Richings, succeeded in saving their own private wardrobe. Speaking of the fire at Ford's Theatre, a correspondent, in Washington, writing on January 3d, says:—"It broke out at exactly half-past five, and from the time the alarm bell rung till I reached the spot (only two blocks from my hotel), the whole theatre was enveloped in flames. Within fifteen minutes from the first alarm, it was one complete furnace. I never saw any place burn so quickly. It is a mercy it did not occur later in the evening, or the consequences might have been dreadful. There is no doubt it was the work of an incendiary, as it first commenced under the stage boxes, close to the metre. The heat melted the main pipe, which was lead, and then the long stream of burning gas soon set fire to the whole building. Had the main pipe been of iron the theatre might have been saved. Mr. Ford puts his loss down at $26,000, $15,000 of which he is insured for. Mr. and Miss Richings are great sufferers, as they lose all their wardrobes and music, but, by great exertion, their jewels and private wardrobe were saved. Mr. Fendon, the leader of the orchestra, mourns the loss of a very valuable violin, which he has played on for 30 years. All the other instruments and music are also lost. What money had been taken, during the day, for engaged seats, was nearly lost; they had just time to get it, and that was all. All the members of the company lost every stitch of wardrobe they had. There is a benefit for the sufferers—that is, for those professionally engaged at Ford's Theatre—to-night (Jan. 3), at Grover's Theatre. Messrs. Hamblin, of Washington Varieties, have kindly permitted Messrs. Hernandez, LaPetite Heloise, Mdlle. Zoe, Ben Yates, the Budworth Brothers, Paul Berger, Mons. Szollosy, and Mdlle. Geraldine, to give their services. A portion of the Canterbury are also going to assist. Let us hope they will have a bumper. Every cent taken is to be handed over for the purpose above mentioned."

Laura Keene's company, from New York, composed of W. R. Blake, Levick, Peters, C. Walcot, Jr., H. F. Dailey, C. Wheatleigh, and the fair "Laura," opened at the Walnut, Philadelphia, on the 29th ult., and continued through the week, playing to excellent houses, the attendance on several occasions being very large. Those good old-fashioned English comedies have held the boards, and, with one or two exceptions, were exceedingly well cast. Laura Keene herself met with a hearty welcome, and young Walcot also came in for a "show of hands." It was feared that a disturbance would ensue on the first night, owing to some uncalled-for remarks made by Mr. Blake a few years ago, when he and a portion of Wallack's company performed in that city, but we are happy to say that the good sense of the people of Philadelphia prevailed, and for the sake of the fair Laura, Mr. B. was "let alone." On Thursday evening, Jan. 1st, the "Heir at Law" was given, and a correspondent who was present states that Mr. Blake was either ill, or something else, for he did not show in his usual form, but, on the contrary, could scarcely be understood. If Mr. B. hopes to meet with favor at the hands of the people of Philadelphia, he must there, as here in New York, "act well his part," which he can do when so inclined. As Dr. Pangloss, Mr. Walcot, Jr., was entirely out of his line, and made a fine burlesque of the part. Mr. Levick was out of his element as Dick Dowlass. Mr. Blake enacted Lord Duberly in a dubious manner. Wheatleigh, as Zekiel, and Laura, as Cicely, were very good. The company remain this week, and the comedy of "No Rest for the Wicked" will be produced.

The recent visit of Mr. J. C. Myers' Providence company to Springfield, Mass., was so flattering, that they have accepted an invitation to re-visit that place for ten nights, commencing Wednesday evening, Jan. 7. Mr. Myers' company is said to be the best that has visited Springfield for a long time. Annie Eberle is the leading lady. E. W. Beattie, a capital old man, is still with Mr. Myers, and will run the season through. In the absence of the dramatic company, the Academy, at Providence, will be occupied by the Persian Conjurer four nights, and the B

WHAT TRUE HEARTS DO FOR THOSE THEY LOVE.

I saw her at his grave,
I stood and watched her there,
Fringing the humble hillock with
The flowrets of the year,
And stoop to kiss the cold, cold clay,
Then homeward, weeping, wend her way.

I saw her at her home,
When numerous suitors came,
Each striving to prevail on her
Once more to change her name.
I heard the answer which she gave;
"My love lies in my husband's grave."

When forty years had fled
I saw that form again;
How brief the period that she
Could in this world remain;
But long enough she lived to prove
What true hearts do for those they love.

ACROSTIC.

S weet Avon! sweet Avon! beautiful stream!
T hou enchantest me like a Fairyland dream.
R oam where I will, whate'er I may see,
A broad or at home, sweet Avon, 'tis thee
T hat foremost will rank in Memory's store,
F ount of poetic Shakesperean lore.
O ne may not gaze without a sad thrill
R ending the heart at thought of "Sweet Will,"
D windling to dust i' the church hard by.

O h, how it speaks to the soul and the eye!
N ote what a graceful and stately air,
A nswering the port of an angel fair,
V ested in tower and spire, that greets
O ur view from many a point, and entreats
N ever HIM to forget while the heart beats.

REMINISCENCES OF THE NATIONAL THEATRE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JACOB PERCY.

During the latter part of Purdy's management, and also during the management of Bell Carr, I was a regular frequenter of the National Theatre, often going there four or five times a week. There was a gay crowd of boys who used to make the old theatre their headquarters at that time. They were very useful to the management at times. One night, a certain actress, well known to east-siders, and who is noted for the beauty of her physical proportions, which she displays without much reserve in the "French Spy" and "Wizard Skiff," was performing the part of Macbeth. Witches were scarce, and the singing was rather poor. The boys saw the trouble, and (without being asked) generously volunteered their services. Soon the witches' chorus was swelled to an alarming degree. Every one sang in his own time, and to his own tune. It seemed as if all the inmates of Pandemonium had been let loose, and that they were having a "Grand Amateur Concert" on their own hook. The pit boys, astonished at such an innovation upon the usual order of things, soon began to make remarks, in their usual style, and in their usual flowery language. —— Carr came around, and desired the amateur witches to stop their noise, and was thereupon respectfully requested to betake himself to a locality more noted for warmth than comfort, forthwith. The lady manageress then put in an appearance, and begged for silence, and after some slight demurs, her boon was granted.

When Purdy had the theatre, there was an individual in the habit of coming there who went by the sobriquet of "Fish." "Fish" was a singular specimen of the *genus homo*. He was about five feet one inch in height, and very thin. He had a very red face, which produced a plentiful crop of pimples. His hair was the color of pine shavings, and as straight as it could possibly be. Upon his upper lip he had some twenty or thirty pale yellow hairs, no two of which grew in the same direction. These few hairs, "Fish," in the exuberance of his delight at possessing such a caricature of the real article, invested with the title of a moustache. "Fish" had rather singular ideas in regard to dramatic performances. If one of Shakespeare's plays was being performed, he would surely be asleep before the conclusion of the second act; but if such plays as "Claude Duval," or "The Scarlet Mantle," constituted the evening's entertainment, he would sit as if spell-bound, and, on looking at him, one would almost be led to suppose that he possessed the extraordinary faculty of listening with his mouth. Broadsword combats were his especial delight. On one occasion, in a revolutionary drama, an actor, personating General Washington, fought a desperate combat with three black muzzled Hessians. "Fish" was in his glory. He could not keep still. He twisted and wriggled on his seat, and every muscle in his body seemed to be working. At last Washington vanquished his three opponents, and the curtain fell. "Fish," with his eyes sparkling with pleasure, remarked to one of his companions:—

"What a fighter that Washington must have been. Let's go take a drink."

Although some of his hearers might have had a poor opinion of "Fish's" education, on account of his idea in regard to Washington, not one of them declined his invitation to "smile." Singular fact.

One night, after Purdy had gone home, one of the ushers of the theatre (a gentleman who frequently appears at sparring exhibitions), allowed "Fish" and four or five others to take possession of a private box. "Fish" had been out the night before, visiting some of the picture galleries west of Broadway, and in consequence thereof he was rather sleepy. Now, when "Fish" went to sleep he—well, he *slept*.

On this occasion even, his liking for a blood and thunder melodrama which was being performed could not overcome his inclination to visit "Dreamland." He was soon in the arms of Morpheus, with his head resting on the front of the box, and commenced performing a solo with his nasal organ which it would be extremely hard to equal and almost impossible to excel. At this time matters on the stage were conducted in a very loose manner. The heavy villain of the piece having to fire at the "virtuous lovyer," and observing "Fish," made a rush over to that side of the stage, and discharged his pistol so close to "Fish's" head, that the flame from the muzzle singed his hair. "Fish" lazily opened his eyes, and gazing around, sleepily said to his companions:—

"I want you fellows to stop fooling," and again sank into his former somnolent state.

When Purdy was seized with a religious fit, and allowed a religious congregation to use the theatre to worship in on Sunday evening, there was some high old proceedings. They had a new flat set on the stage, and a small foot stone for the minister's special use. There were but few ladies in the house—about twenty or thirty ladies being in the first tier, and about a dozen LADIES in the second tier private boxes. As there were but few women, the singing of the hymns would have been a dead failure, had it not been for the disinterested kindness of the same gentlemen who lent their valuable aid in Macbeth. These gentlemen made every effort in their power to supply the lack of female voices, with what effect may be imagined, but not described. After the hymn was finished, the faithful were astonished by hearing the most furious stamping, clapping, yelling, and cheering, from the pit. The minister started back aghast; he raised his hands and made a motion for silence, but it was of no avail; the noise increased; and one youth, ambitious to distinguish himself, I suppose, began crying "Eddy, Eddy, Eddy," in short, sharp tones, while a sepulchral voice on the other side of the house drawled out—

"John-ston," "John-ston."

Why these names were mentioned I cannot imagine. The boys probably did so from mere force of habit. Silence was secured at last, and the minister began his discourse. All went on smoothly till towards the close, when the minister, warming with his subject, began to speak loudly (a low murmur commenced to arise from the pit). More and more earnest grows the minister—his voice grows louder and louder—his eyes flash—he gesticulates wildly with his arms above his head (the murmur grows louder and louder). At last, wrought up to a perfect paroxysm of religious frenzy, and shouting at the top of his voice, he seizes the heavy bible with both hands, waves it thrice in the air, and then brings it down on the table with a tremendous crash. This caps the climax; the murmur, which was all the time increasing, now breaks forth into a perfect yell of delight. The boys, by round after round of applause, testify their appreciation of the speaker's oratorical powers. For the time being, J. H. Allen is placed completely in the shade.

While these proceedings were going on in the first tier and pit, a performance of a very different character was in full blast in the second tier lobby. In this place they had a grand triumphal procession, of which a certain individual whom I will call Jack Anderson, officiated as Grand Marshal, and of which the rank and file was composed of small boys with faces more or less dirty. Anderson had one American flag wrapped around him, and in one hand he waved a second. Evil minded persons would have said that Jack had been looking at the ceiling through the bottom of a tumbler a little too often for perfect sobriety. After he got through with his procession, he proceeded to give a grand acrobatic performance, the principal performers being the aforesaid boys. They twisted and tumbled in various ways for some time, and when their spirits began to flag, Jack would stimulate them to further efforts by unlimited promises of pennies. When the performance was over, the performers looked for their manager; but Jack, like a great many other managers (whose fame is more widely spread) when placed in the same position, was *non est*.

After Jack deserted his performers, a young man, who, it was said, intended to follow the legal profession as a means of livelihood, commenced to exert his eloquence in endeavoring to persuade a female of dubious character to stand on her head for a ten cent piece. The legal gentleman had almost succeeded when a Fourth Ward policeman came up stairs and brought his proceedings to an abrupt conclusion. This policeman proved to be the avant courier of a host, and soon order reigned supreme within the walls of the theatre.

Jack Anderson is a devout admirer of the CLIPPER. He used to buy it every Sunday morning, take it to church, and read it during the service. He is now in San Francisco, California, and when last heard from, he was busily engaged in making scientific investigations into the mysteries of "China Town," and from all accounts he was meeting with *very* great success. I make this statement in regard to him for the benefit of his numerous friends in this city.

THE CRICKET SEASON OF 1862.

Below we give a brief resume of the first-eleven matches that have been recorded in the CLIPPER this season, including those from other places than New York and its vicinity. The season of 1862 has been one of the poorest we have had to record for many years past, but little interest being manifested in the game, save by the members of clubs immediately interested. The attendance of spectators at the most numerously patronized matches, has never exceeded a hundred, some twenty or thirty lookers-on being about the general figure. Even at the Canada matches, there were only about a sixth of the number we have previously seen present on these interesting occasions. There is no doubt that the continued adherence to the system of tedious delays and waste of time in cricket matches, which is so characteristic of the English manner of playing the game, has a great deal to do with the lack of interest manifested in regard to cricket in this country. The average of the matches played this season is five hours and a half for each game, and yet there were five games played that occupied two days, when six hours at the utmost would have sufficed. The rules of the game are never adhered to, and clubs act in this respect as if time was of no more value in this country, than it is to the class of aristocratic drones that have so much leisure in England. Until this grave defect is remedied, it is useless to expect to see cricket as well patronized as Base Ball is.

The first regular contest was that between the New York and Willow clubs, which took place on the grounds of the latter, at Bedford, on the 31st of May, the result being a victory for the New Yorkers, the game being decided by the result of the first innings, the New York score being 134, and that of the Willow 60. Sharp led the score on the New York side, getting 24, and Hammond on the side of the Willow club, his score being 13. He made 57 in the 2d innings.

On June the 18th, a match was played between the New York and American clubs, at Hoboken, the result of course being the success of the former, whose score in the first innings was 133 to a total of 78 in both the innings of their opponents. Hudson's 64 was the best score on the New York side, and Brainard's 19 in the second innings, the best on the part of the American club.

On the 14th of June a match took place at Philadelphia between the All United and Osceola clubs of that city, which resulted in favor of the Osceola eleven by a score of 84 to 82, the victors having one wicket to fall. Bull's score of 12 was the best on the Osceola side, and Washt's 10 on that of the All United.

On May 31st, the Chippewa club, of Philadelphia, and United, of Trenton, had a match together, in which the Chippewa came off victorious, by a score of 77 to 75. Hunley's 12 was the best score on the Philadelphia side, and Bloom's 13 on that of the Trenton eleven.

On May 24th, the juniors of the East New York and Queen's County clubs had a match together at East New York, which was won by the former by a total score of 200 to 173. Eldridge's 32 was the best score on the Queen's County side, and Ralph's 22 on the part of East New York.

On the 27th of June, a match took place between the Mechanic's and Chippewa clubs, of Philadelphia, the result being a victory for the former, by a score of 132 to 121. Senior's 52 on the Mechanic's side, and Barlow's 28 on the part of the Chippewas, were the highest scores of the match.

On July 5th, a match was played between the Rensselaer County club, and the Harmony club, of Cohoes, N. Y., which resulted in favor of the Cohoes eleven, with six wickets to fall, the total score being 122 to 120. Adams' score of 39 was the best on the Rensselaer side, and J. Whitehill's 28 on that of the Cohoes club.

On July 9th, the Satellite and East Williamsburgh clubs had a match together, the result being a victory for the latter, with nine wickets to fall, the score being 100 to 99. Herring's 31 was the best score on the Satellite side, and Pink's 27 on that of their opponents.

On the 22d of July, the Manhattan club and East Williamsburgh played together, the latter winning with eight wickets to fall, the total score being 82 to 79. Boyd's score of 22 was the best on the Manhattan side, and Pink's 18 on that of the victors.

On July 16th, the Medea club and the Dorian, of Havenford, Pa., had a contest together, which resulted in favor of the former by a score of 46 in one innings to 45 in two, the Dorians playing six men only at the bat in each innings. Milford's 12 was the best score on the Medea side, and A. Milford's 10 on that of the Dorian.

On the 28th of July a match was played at Hoboken between an English eleven of the New York club, and thirteen Americans of the St. George, East New York, and Queens County clubs, the result being a victory for the New Yorkers by a score of 131 to 49, the game being decided by the first innings. Sadler's 41 was the best score on the English side, and Robinson's 13 on that of the Americans.

On July 26th, the St. George and Willow clubs played together, at Hoboken, the result being a victory for the Willows by a score of 166 to 87; Hammond's 59 was the best score on the Willow side, and Van Buren's 19 on that of the St. George club.

On August the 5th, the East New York and St. George clubs played together at Hoboken, the result being the defeat of the latter by a score of 93 to 91. George Wright's 32 was the best score on the St. George side, and Hudson's 27 on that of East New York.

On August 5th, the Mechanics and Chippewa clubs, of Philadelphia, had their return game, the result being another triumph for the Mechanics by a score of 187 to 56. Pratt's 22 was the best score on the Chippewa side, and Senior's 18 on that of the Mechanics.

On the 29th of July, the Utica and Amsterdam clubs played together at Utica, N. Y., the result being the success of the Utica eleven by a score of 46 to 14. Simmond's 7 was the best score on the part of the victors, and Nevin's 4 on that of the Amsterdam club.

On July 30th, the East Williamsburgh and Satellite clubs played a match together, the result being a victory for the former by a score of 88 to 77. Ward's 22 was the best score on the East Williamsburgh side, and Fuller's 13 on that of their opponents.

On Aug. 13 and 14, a grand match was played on the St. George grounds, at Hoboken, between an eleven of Queens County, L. I., and an eleven of the St. George club, the result being the signal defeat of the Queens County players by a score, on the part of the St. George club, of 218 in one innings, to 89 in two innings. Harry Wright's fine score of 70 was the best on the St. George side, and also of the season's play, Byron's 14 being the best on the Queens County side.

On the 20th of August, the return game between the Satellite and East Williamsburgh clubs was played on the grounds of the former, the result being a decided victory for the Satellites, by a total score of 217 to 71, four innings being played. Mitchell's 52 was the best single score on the Satellite side, and J. Hadfield's 8 on that of their opponents.

On Aug. 21 and 22, the St. George club visited Boston, and there engaged in their return match with the Boston club, the result being a triumph of the St. George eleven by a score of 155 to 143 in four innings. George Wright's score of 23 was the best score on the St. George side, and O'Brien's 15 on that of Boston.

On Aug. 18, the Amsterdam and Troy, N. Y., clubs had a match together at Amsterdam, N. Y., which resulted in favor of the Amsterdam club by a total score of 162 to 83. Young's 24 was the best score on the Amsterdam side, Frost's 7 the best on the part of Troy.

On Aug. 25, a match was played at Camac's Woods, Philadelphia, between Collis's Zouaves and a civilian eleven, in which the gallant Zouaves were handled pretty roughly by the civilians, to the tune of a score of 191 in one innings to 125 in two on the Zouave side. Collis's 32 was the best score on his side, and Holland's 43 on the part of the civilians.

On Aug. 6th and 7th, a match was played between an eleven of the New York club and an eleven of All Massachusetts, the result being a victory for the Massachusetts eleven by a score of 138 to 129. Draper's 22 was the best score on the winning side, and Byron's 14 on that of New York.

On Sept. 10th and 11th, the grand match between Canada and the United States took place at Hoboken on the St. George grounds, the result being a victory for the United States eleven by a score of 190 to 188, with five wickets to fall. H. Wright's 33 was the best score on the United States side, and Captain Pemberton's 27 on the other.

On Sept. 13th, a game was played between an eleven of the Military of Canada and the St. George club, the result being a victory for the Canadians by a score of 82 to 65, one innings deciding the game. Captain Phillips's 33 was the best score on the Canadian side, Gibbes 10 being the best on the St. George's side.

On Sept. 11th, the Satellite and Favorita clubs played a match together, the base ball players of the Favorita eleven being defeated by a score of 73, in one innings, to 26 in two. Hurring led the score with 13 on the Satellite side, Rowe's 12 being the best on the Favorita side.

On Sept. 8th, the Osceola and Chippewa clubs, of Philadelphia, played their return game, the result being a victory for the Chippewa by a total score of 252 to 179, four innings being played. Hurley's 33 was the best score on the Chippewa side, and King's 15 on the other.

On the 18th of Sept., the return game between the Willow and New York clubs was played at Hoboken, the result being a victory for New York by 103 to 72, one innings being played. Byron's 27 was the best score on the New York side, and Hammond's 26 on that of the Willow.

On Sept. 25th, the Willow and Newark clubs played their first game together at Bedford, the result being a victory for the Willow by a score of 133 to 44. Sharp's 50 was the best score on the Willow side, Petty's 11 being the best on the part of Newark.

On October 6th, the Chippewa and Young America clubs, of Philadelphia, had a game together, in which the Chippewas came off victorious by a score of 256 to 155, four innings being played. Jarvis's 54 was the best score on the winning side, and Large's 27 on the other.

On the 9th of Oct., the Willow and St. George clubs played their return game together at Bedford, the result being the success of the Willows by a score of 72 to 70. Creighton's 23 was the best score on the St. George side, and Torrance's 16 on that of the Willow. It was in this match that Creighton sustained the injury that ultimately caused his death, he rupturing himself in making a leg hit.

On Oct. 1st, the Athletic and Farmington clubs, of Farmington, Pa., had their first game together, the result being a victory for the former by a score of 72 to 55. A. Bostaph's 19 was the best score on the winning side, and McAvoy's 16 on that of the other.

On the 28th of October, a match was played on the St. George ground, for the benefit of the professionals of the New York, St. George, and Willow clubs, the contest being between two elevens of New York and Long Island, the result being the success of the Islanders by a score of 131 to 129, with six wickets to fall. Higham's 22 was the best score on the New York side, and Hudson's 23 on that of Long Island.

This was the last match in this vicinity, and closed the season's play of 1862.

THE PULPIT AND STAGE.

Cunningham, a provincial actor, once sent the following to a reverend gentleman who preached against the hypocrisy of acting:—

Hypocrisy's Son,
No more of your fun,
A truce to fanatical railing;
Why rave at the Stage?
'Tis known to the age,
That both of us live by deceiving.

'Tis frequently said,
That two of a trade
Will freely each other bespatter:
But, trust me, they're fools,
Who play with edg'd tools,
So let's have no more of the matter.

BIRD PRIZE FIGHT.

We related, a short time ago, a "scrimmage" between a jaybird and a couple of woodpeckers, in which the jaybird was worsted. We have now to record a similar affair, which took place in San Francisco recently. A jaybird undertook to pick up a few stray ants that were running on one of the trees, when five woodpeckers immediately attacked him, and drove him to the ground. He alighted in the dust, minus some of his feathers. Resting awhile, he again flew into the tree, and was again assailed furiously. He held his position manfully, and with his rear protected by a bunch of thick foliage, he gave full swing to his head, and the way the feathers flew from the backs of the red-headed *bushwhackers* was a caution. At last, having made a prodigious lunge with his bill at the head of one of his assailants, the jaybird's foot slipped, and down he went, half way to the ground, before he could recover himself. By this time the red-heads were upon his back, and peeled him well, before he reached an adjoining tree. There he met with a new opponent, in the shape of an old woodpecker, who seemed to think his prescriptive mansion had been intruded upon. Hardly had the poor jaybird reached a lower branch, when the red-headed old rascal jumped out of his hole, and mauled the intruder's head as if it would shake his own from its spinal junction. In a second more the others were at him, and the jaybird had again to retreat. This time he struck out for a long flight, and shot off towards the welkin. His antagonists pursued, overtook him in the mid air, and down all came together into Judge Stout's garden. There, they were too much for him, and the stained plumage of poor Mr. Jaybird showed that his wounds were severe. At last he sunk flat to the earth, unable to make further resistance, and one of the assassins coolly mounted upon his back, fastened his claws in his feathers, and throwing his head backwards as far as the leverage would permit, came down with his bill upon the jaybird's skull with such force that it pierced at once to the brain, and laid him out as dead as Cock Robin. Thus ended the fray, and the woodpeckers flew back, with exultant clamor, to the trees. What will the "respectable" papers say to this "brutal display?"

DEATH OF SAILOR JACK.—Jack Cooper, familiarly known in the early days of "Yerba Buena," California, as "Sailor Jack," died in the vicinity of San Mateo, where he owned some property, and was buried on the 29th of Nov., by Atkins Massey, at the old burying ground of the Mission Dolores. Cooper arrived at San Francisco in 1833 in a whaling vessel, and in 1849 owned considerable property in the vicinity of the present location of Pennsylvania engine house, on Jackson street, in the rear of which was a running spring of pure water, around which he had planted a row of trees, and erected seats in the shade. Most of his property was cheated away from him or passed out of his hands, some of it going into those of Palmer, Cook & Co., but the lot adjoining the Pennsylvania engine house we believe still stands in his name. He was an Englishman by birth, and at the time of his death was seventy-three years old.

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